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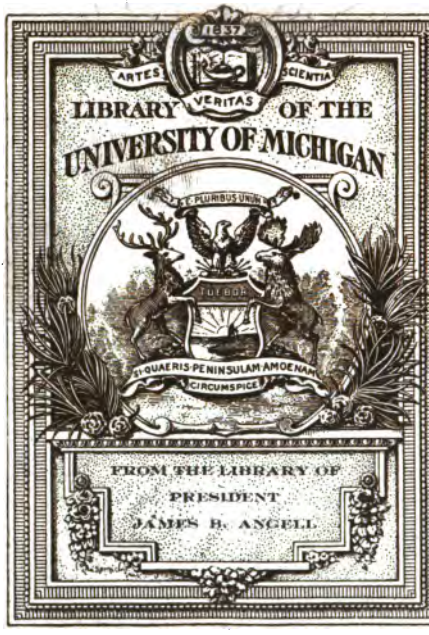
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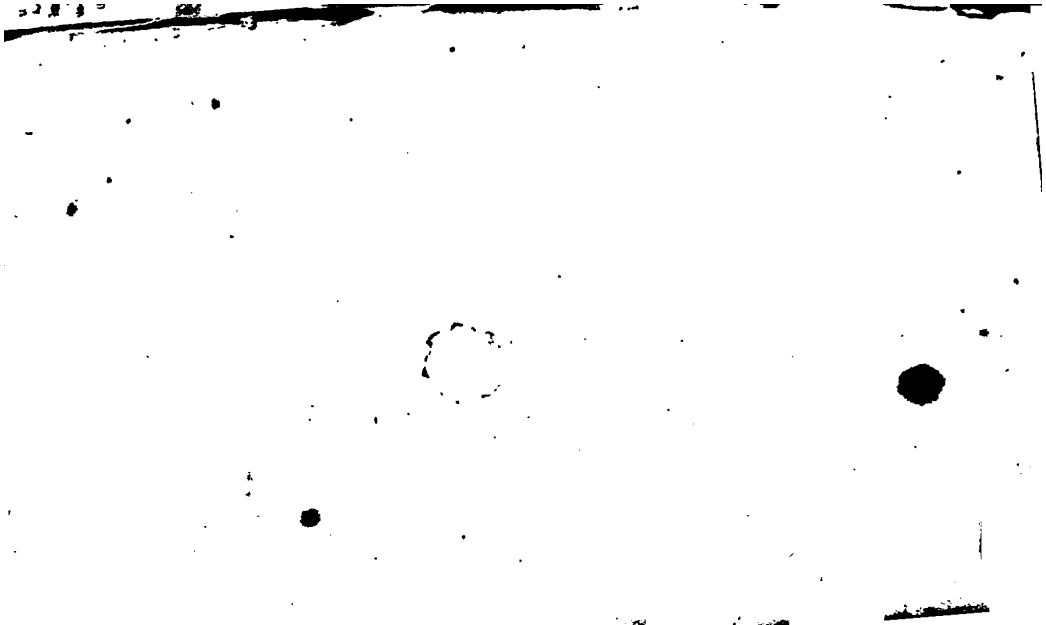

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Child's magazine.

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The Lottery.

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1816.

THE HERMIT.*

——I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man.

MILTON.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed—the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well.
Remote from man with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost.

* Little children are desired to consider this pleasing and beautiful Poem, not as a real fact, but a beautiful allegory of the ways of the Almighty with his creatures.

So when a smooth expanse receives impress'd
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees impending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow.
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side;
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun;
Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books or swains report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim's staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass:
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;
And hail, my son! the rev'rend sire reply'd;

Words followed words, from question answer
flow'd,
And talk of various kinds deceiv'd the road:
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
But here the youth enjoin'd the eager sire,
Who into hidden truths did much inquire,

If he'd in silence each event behold,
He would to him some wondrous things unfold.
Now sunk the sun—the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon, thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd, the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home.
Yet still his kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive, the livery'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate;
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;

Rich, luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forced his guests to taste:
Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo;
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize:
Now on they pass—when far upon the road,
The wealthy spoil the wily partner shew'd.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,

Disorder'd stops, to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear:
So seem'd the sire, he walk'd with trembling heart:
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murm'ring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to coverts scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat:
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around:
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.

At length, some pity warm'd the master's breast :
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest.)
Slow, creaking turns the door with jealous care ;
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair ;
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls :
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meager wine,
Each hardly granted, serv'd them both to dine ;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pondering Hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
And why should such, within himself he cry'd,
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place
In ev'ry settling feature of his face !
When, from his vest, the young companion bore
That cup the generous landlord own'd before ;
And paid profusely, with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul :
Just sunk to earth, the miser in surprise,
Receiv'd the glitt'ring gift with startled eyes ;

But ere he could recover from his fright,
The generous guests had travelled from his sight.
Now the brisk clouds in airy tumults fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky :
A fresher green the fragrant leaves display,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day :
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrims's bosom wrought

With all the travail of uncertain thought ;
His partner's acts without their *cause* appear,*
'Twas there a vice, but seem'd a madness here.
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again invoke the sky,
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie,
Again they search and find a mansion nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet ;
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part :
From him you come, from him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed ;

* To steal the cup from the generous man, and give it to a wretch that would scarcely admit them within his gate.

When the grave household round the hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose:
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck; the landlord's little pride,

O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assail his heart.

Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies—but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant shew'd the way;
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find, the servant went before;
Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the branches glide:
The youth who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in:
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,

Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the Father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch! but scarce his speech began
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man;
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd about his feet:
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd like the day,
Wide at his back the dazzling plumes display
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew;
Sudden he gaz'd and wist not what to do:
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angle broke,
The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne;
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky;

Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow servant, I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims that world he made;
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends,
On using second means* to work his ends:
'Tis thus withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high:
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!
"The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;

---

* Second means—God often appoints wicked and abandoned wretches to be his instruments of justice upon others, for some ends tending to public good, though unperceived by human eyes.

Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
" The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor : .
With him I left the cup to teach his mind
That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind ;
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.
" Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his soul from God ;
Child of his age,* for him he liv'd in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run !
But God, to save the father, took the son,
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.

* Child of his age.—A child born to him when in years, on which he doated too fondly.

The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
"But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had the false servant sped in safety back!
This very night, by secret plot contriv'd,
Of life and wealth his master he'd depriv'd!
Had he in this conspiracy prevail'd,
What funds of charity would then have fail'd!
"Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp, ascending, left the view;
The prophet gaz'd and wish'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done."
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace."

THE

TRAVELLER:

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shut the door:
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste, expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.

Perpetual blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests, or pranks* that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care:
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Jests or pranks—It is to be feared, these words rather encourage more than innocent mirth or cheerfulness, and tend to lightness or dissipation.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend:

And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?

Let school taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir! the world, the world is mine!
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd;
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,

Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;

Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods* for all the good they gave,
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations, make their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs, as Arno's shelvy side!
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content,
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.

---

* Though there is but one true and living God, yet not only the children of Africa, but many others, have been, and some still continue so enveloped in error, as to believe in a plurality of gods.

Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment
fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails,
Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try those truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here, for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur marks the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.

Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal leaves, that blossom but to die—
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows;
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.*
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain:
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd thro' the state,
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long fallen column sought the skies;
The canvass glow'd beyond e'en nature warm;
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:

* Although too true as a nation, yet it is hoped many individuals have a better idea of bliss.

And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade:
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repress by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsar's once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them—turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion
tread,

And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May:
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feast tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him for the soil,
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day:
At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten in the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:

And haply too some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
When from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,

Catch ev'ry nerve and vibrate thro' the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals like their pleasures, are but low:
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all* the gentler morals, such as play
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

---

* Doubtless this must be understood comparatively.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn—and France displays her bright domain.

Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire:
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, tho' my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour!

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
So gay a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear;
For honour forms the social temper here:
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise:
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise,
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.

Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart:
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace:
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,

Where the broad ocean leans against the land;

And sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore,
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile,
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain.
A new creation rescued from his reign.
  Thus while around the wave subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts ;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear ;
Even liberty itself is barter'd here ;
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies ;

The needy sell it, and the rich man buys :
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves !
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform ;
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Oh ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old !
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide :
There all around the gentlest breezes stray ;
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray ;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd ;
Extremes are only in the master's mind !
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great :
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the *lords of human kind** pass by ;

* The writer of this was a British subject. As a parallel, see the little boy's song, page 45, headed Prejudice, taken from Original Poems, and the wise and happy conclusion occasioned by the Father's observations to his Child.

Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself a man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here;
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by freedom ills annoy:
That independence Briton's prize too high,

Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie:

The self-dependent lordlings stand alone:
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over wrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or phrenzy fires the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown:
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where nobler stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!

And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone.
By proud contempt, or favour's fost'ring sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires.
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home.

Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve and bare my swelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And, thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid;
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound!

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Thro' tangled forests'* and thro' dang'rous ways:
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;

There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his wo,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,

* Abundantly altered by the hand of industry, and American enterprise, a peaceful asylum from European oppression.

Casts a long look where England's *glories* shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary search, to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind!
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In ev'ry government tho' terrors reign,
Tho' tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

PREJUDICE.

PART I.

"WITH England no land can compare,
For every thing fine, sweet and rare,
So grand, and so rich, and so fair,
Old England, O nothing like thee!
The Frenchmen, they say, feed on frogs,
The Germans are stupid as dogs,
The Dutchmen are clumsy as hogs;
Hail England! Old England for me!
We'll beat them—the cowardly slaves!
For nobly a Briton behaves,
He rules both the land and the waves,
O none but bold Britons are free!

Thus Edward sang, as round the spacious hall,
He whip'd his top—A map adorn'd the wall,
On which his father look'd, yet list'ning stood,
Then call'd the boy, but in no angry mood.
He lifts him to the map, and says, "Look here;
Tell me those countries on each hemisphere:"
"Here's Europe, father, 'twixt this sea and this;
How wonderfully large all Europe is!
Yet Asia's larger, to the right it stands;
I scarce can cover it with both my hands.
Then great America, take South and North,

What sums of money all this land is worth!
Those heaps of islands in the sea beside,
And Africa! how vast! how long! how wide!"
"But Edward," cries the father, with a smile,
"You have not shown me England, all the while;
Edward, my boy, look sharp, use well your eyes;
Under your little finger England lies."
Says Ned, "Ay, this is it; but, dear, how very small;
I was afraid it was not here at all."
Ned listens, and his father thus replies:
"God form'd all things, you know—he's good and wise,
And can you think so large a world he'd make,
Sun, moon, and stars, for little England's sake?
Think of the people by the map or chart,
We do not make their hundred thousandth part.
If we're the only grain, they chaff and bran,
God's work was ill bestow'd in making man;
Do for your own, what in your power lies,
But other countries hate not, nor despise."
Cries Ned, "I'll love all good men that I see,
And where they're born is all alike to me."

PART II.

"FATHER, since on the map you made me look,
Geography I've learn'd—I've read the book;
And history—I've conn'd that very well,
And what I've read in both, to you I'll tell;
Yes, now I know, that on this world around,
Men great and good, and precious things are found:
In Africa, gold, rich drugs, and fragrant gums;
Best wine from France, coffee from Turkey comes;
Dies, cocoa, sugar, silver, white and pure,
And bark, in which the sick can find a cure,
In vast America, and Caribbees,
Where blacks are slaves, that whites may drink and sneeze;
In Asia, diamonds, spices, finest birds, and fruits,
Lions and Elephants, the noblest brutes;
The Paradise and Eden, where the Lord
Placed man—where Moses God adored,
Where Christ was born, where our Redeemer bled,
Lie all in Asia, Sir, these things I've read;
And first in Greece sprang up the arts so fine,
Wise Solon too, and Plato call'd divine,
And Socrates, who drank the hemlock bowl,
To save his body, would not kill his soul.

Greece and the Swiss, their patriot heroes have,
In Scanderberg, and William Tell, the brave:
If then so fine, so good, each foreign part,
Although I love dear England in my heart,
Although my country's rights I would defend,
My prejudice to others here shall end;
May other countries look on me with scorn,
When I despise good men, where'er they're born."

FINIS.

THE

LIFE

OF

That Wonderful and Extraordinarily

HEAVY MAN,

DANIEL LAMBERT,

FROM

HIS BIRTH TO THE MOMENT OF HIS DISSOLUTION;

WITH

An Account of Men noted for their Corpulency, and other interesting matter.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY SAMUEL WOOD & SONS,
AT THE JUVENILE BOOK STORE,
NO. 357, PEARL-STREET.

1815.

PREFACE.

THE publisher of this little work is aware that there are those, who, on viewing some of his books intended for juvenile readers, will conclude they are not suitably adapted to children; but let such consider children of every growth read them. "Men are but children of a larger growth;" and even some of the smaller children have taste and judgment sufficient to be pleasingly and profitably entertained with sounder and deeper matter than many people suppose. "Facts are" not only "stubborn things," but they are pleasing, although not so high seasoned as visionary romance. The publisher has no wish to lead his readers to contemplate the renowned battle of Tom Thumb and Bumble Bee, nor the exploits of Jack the Giant Killer, nor to entertain them in the Valley of Diamonds, nor yet to crack their craniums against the moon in visionary and ærial voyages after Fairies or Hobgoblins, &c. The delight in the marvellous is innate in human nature; it is common to the old as well as the young: but it is not necessary on this account to set fancy at work to entice mortals quite out of their sphere, and so to vitiate the appetite that it never more can be entertained with real truth. There is enough of the marvellous and wonderful to engage the

admiration of the wisest and oldest. We are surrounded with wonders; witness the eye, the ear, the mind, the power of motion, light, darkness, colours, heat. cold, the earth and planets, the elements; the history of that wonder of wonders man, his capacities, his avarice, his ambition, his mortality, his immortality, &c. together with all animate and inanimate creation, from the elephant to the mite, from the lofty mountain to the mole hill, from the sturdy oak and towering pine to the tender starting blade; 'all, all is wonder all around.' Nature frequently steps aside, for purposes best known to her Allwise controler, and produces still other wonders at which we are particularly surprised, and which reasonably excite the curiosity and inquiry of both learned and unlearned. The subject of the present memoir is one of these; and the publisher is induced to believe it will be acceptable to his varied class of readers.

THE

LIFE

OF

Daniel Lambert.

DANIEL LAMBERT was born on the 13th of March, 1770, in the Parish of St. Margaret, at Leicester. From the extraordinary bulk to which he attained, the reader may be naturally disposed to inquire, whether or no his parents were persons of remarkable dimensions. This was not the case; nor were any of his family inclined to corpulence, excepting an uncle and aunt on the father's side, who were both very heavy. The former died during the infancy of Lambert, in

the capacity of gamekeeper to the Earl of Stamford, to whose predecessor his father had been huntsman in early life. The family of Lambert, senior, consisted besides Daniel, of another son, who died young, and two daughters, who are still living, and both women of the common size.

The habits of the subject of this memoir were not, in any repect, different from those of other young persons till the age of fourteen. Even at that early period he was strongly attached to the sports of the field. This, however, was only the natural effect of a very obvious cause, aided probably by an innate propensity to those diversions.—We have already mentioned the profession of his father and uncle, and have yet to observe, that his maternal grandfather was a great cock-fighter. Born and bred among horses, dogs, and cocks, and all the other appendages of sporting, in the pursuits of which he was encouraged even in his childhood, it cannot be a matter of wonder that he should be passionately fond of all those exercises and amusements, which are com-

prehended under the denomination of field sports.

Brought up under the eye of his parents till the age of fourteen, young Lambert was then placed with Benjamin Patrick, in the manufactory of Taylor & Co. at Birmingham, to learn the business of a die-sinker and engraver. This establishment, then one of the most flourishing in that opulent town, was afterwards destroyed in the riots of 1791, by which the celebrated Dr. Priestly was so considerable a sufferer.

Owing to the fluctuations to which all those manufactures that administer to the luxuries of the community are liable, from the caprices of fashion, the wares connected with the profession which had been chosen for young Lambert ceased to be in request. Buckles were all at once proscribed, and a total revolution took place at the same period in the public taste with respect to buttons; the consequence was, that a numerous class of artisans were thrown out of employment, and obliged to seek a subsistence in a differeut occupation. Among these was

Lambert, who had then served only four years of his apprenticeship.

Leaving Birmingham, he returned to Leicester to his father, who held the situation of keeper of the prison of that town. Soon afterwards, at the age of nineteen, he began to imagine that he should be a heavy man, but had not previously any indications that could lead him to suppose he should attain the excessive corpulence for which he was afterwards distinguished. He always possessed extraordinary muscular power, and at the time we are speaking of could lift great weights, and carry five hundred pounds with ease. Had his habits been such as to bring his strength into action, he would doubtless have been an uncommonly powerful man.

That he was not deficient in physical strength or courage, is demonstrated by the following adventure, in which he was about this period engaged :—

Standing one day in his father's house at Leicester, his attention was attracted by a company of Savoyards with their dancing

bears and dogs, surrounded by an immense concourse of spectators. While they were exhibiting, a dog which had formerly been accustomed to travel with a similar company of these grotesque performers, and now belonged to the county gaoler, hearing the sound, flew furiously upon a very large bear whose overbearing force and weight soon crushed him to the ground. "Give her tooth," said the Savoyards, irritated at the interruption of their exhibiton, and making preparations to take off the muzzle of the bear. Lambert, being acquainted with the master of the dog, and knowing that, in this case, the animal would be exposed to certain destruction, went out and addressed the people with the intention of pacifying them, and prevailing upon them to suffer the dog to be taken away. Deaf to all his remonstrances, one of the Savoyards still persisted in pulling off the muzzle, the dog being all this time underneath, and in the grasp of the bear. Enraged at the fellow's obstinacy, he protested he would kill the bear if it lay in his power, and snatching from the

man's hand the paddle or pole with which they manage these animals, at the moment when the muzzle was removed, he struck the bear with all his force, fully intending to despatch her if possible. Bruin was for a moment completely stunned with the blow, and the dog seized that opportunity of disengaging himself form her clutches. Enraged at this fresh attack, she turned towards her new antagonist, who kept repeating his strokes, but without being able to hit her head, which she protected form his blows with all the dexterity of the most accomplished pugilist. During these successive attacks, the dog, faithful to his friend who had so opportunely stepped to his aid, continued to exhibit the most astonishing proofs of undaunted intrepidity, till he was at length caught up by one of the by-standers. The weather was frosty, and the pavement was slightly glazed from the trundling of a mop. Here, while thus busily engaged in belabouring his formidable foe, Lambert fell, but arose again with the utmost agility. Bruin was now close to him; he had a full view of her tremendous

teeth, and felt the heat from her breath. The danger became pressing, and as his shaggy foe was too near to admit of his using the weapon, he struck her with his left hand such a violent blow on the skull, as brought her to the ground; on which she declined the contest, and "yelling fled." During the fray, a smaller bear had been standing upright against a wall, with a cocked hat on his head; in consequence of the retreat of his companion, this ludicrous figure now appeared full in front of the victorious champion, who brandished in his hand the up-lifted pole. The beast, as if aware of his danger, and expecting to be attacked in his turn, instantly took off his hat, and apparently in token of submission, tumbled heels over head at the feet of the conqueror. Meanwhile the populace, terrified at the approach of *ursa major* began to retire in a backward direction, still keeping the unsuccessful combatant in view, till they tumbled one after another over some loads of coal that happend to lie in the way. The scene now became truly ludicrous: forty people were

down at a time ; and as though each person thought himself already in the gripe of the irritated animal, vociferated Murder ! with all their might. The Savoyards who were after all, the greatest sufferers by this tragi-comic representation, applied to the mayor, and demanded redress. The magistrate inquired where the fray happened, and was informed that it took place in Blue-Boar-Lane, in the parish of St. Nicholas—the inhabitants of which have for many years been distinguished by the appellation of Nick's Ruffs. "Oh !" said he, "the people of that parish do just as they please ; they are out of my jurisdiction ;" and gravely dismissed the disappointed complainants. It was two years before this company of itinerant performers again ventured to make their appearance in Blue-Boar-Lane. On this occasion, one who happened to be rather before the rest, perceiving Lambert sitting at his door, gave notice to the others, who, dreading a repetition of the treatment they had before experienced, instantly retreated by the way they had come.

It was not very long after the above adventure that Lambert experienced an escape from a danger much more alarming, and from the consequence of which no human exertions could possibly have preserved him. He was one of the numerous inhabitants of Leicester, whom the memorable conflagration at the house of a well known bookseller, now resident in the metropolis, attracted to the spot. It was dark, the fire was then raging with the utmost fury, and Lambert passed along under a wall, which, from the falling of the others to which it had once been joined, now stood completely detached. When he had reached the extremity, an acquaintance whom he accidently found there, congratulated him on his narrow escape, at the same time pointing to the wall. Lambert, totally unconscious of the risk to which he had been exposed, and now standing in a line with the wall, observed with horror that it rocked to and fro like corn in the breeze, and not many moments elapsed ere it fell with a tremendous crash.

His father having resigned the office of

keeper of the prison, Daniel succeeded to the situation. It was within a year after this appointment that his bulk received the greatest and most rapid increase. This he attributed to the confinement and sedentary life to which he was now obliged to submit, which produced an effect so much the more striking, as, from his attachment to sporting, he had previously been in the habit of taking a great deal of exercise. Though he never possessed any extraordinary agility he was still able to kick to the height of seven feet, standing on one leg.

About the year 1793, when Lambert weighed 448lbs, he had occasion to visit Woolwich, in company with the keeper of the county gaol of Leicester. As the tide did not serve to bring them up again to London, he walked from Woolwich to the metropolis, with much less apparent fatigue than several middle sized men who were of the party.

The inhabitants of Leicester are remarkable for their expertness in swimming, an art which they are encouraged to practise by their vicinity the river Soar. Form the age

of eight years Lambert was an excellent swimmer, and such was his celebrity, that, about ten years ago, all the young people in his native town, who were learning to swim, resorted to him for instruction. His power of floating, owing to his uncommon bulk, was so great that he could swim with two men of ordinary size upon his back. He has been heard to relate that, on these occasions, when any of his young pupils manifested any timidity, he would convey them to the opposite bank of the river from that on which they laid their clothes, and there leave them to find their way back as well as they could. By this means, they soon acquired that courage which is so indispensably necessary to the attainment of excellence in the art of swimming.

Lambert's father died about five years after his son's appointment to be keeper of the prison, which office he held till 1805. In this situation he manifested a disposition fraught with benevolence; whatever severity he might be under the necessity of exercising towards the unhappy objects comitted to

his care during their confinement, he never forebore to make the greatest exertions to assist them at the time of their trials. Few left the prison without testifying their gratitude, and tears often spoke the sincerity of the feelings they expressed. His removal from the office, was in consequence of a wish on the part of the magistrates to employ the prisoners in the manufacture of the town. As a proof of the approbation which his conduct had merited, they settled upon him an annuity of 50l. for life, without any solicitation whatever; and what was still more gratifying to his feelings, this grant was accompanied with a declaration, that it was a mark of their esteem, and of the universal satisfaction which he had given in the discharge of the duties of his office.

Such were the feelings of Lambert, that no longer than four years ago, he abhorred the very idea of exhibiting himself. Though he lived exceedingly retired at Leicester, the fame of his uncommon corpulence had spread over the adjacent country to such a degree, that he frequently found himself not

a little incommoded by the curiosity of the people, which it was impossible to repress, and which they were constantly devising the means of gratifying, in despite of his reluctance.

Finding, at length, that he must either submit to be a close prisoner in his own house, or endure all the inconveniences without receiving the profits of an exhibition, Lambert wisely strove to overcome his repugnance, and determined to visit the metropolis for that purpose. As it was impossible to procure a carriage large enough to admit him, he had a vehicle constructed expressly to carry him to London, where he arrived for the twenty-second time, in the spring of 1806, and fixed his residence in Piccadilly.

His apartments there had more the air of a place of fashionable resort, than of an exhibition; and as long as the town continued full, he was visited by a great deal of the best company. The dread he felt on coming to London, lest he should be exposed to indignity and insult from the curiosity of some of

his visiters, was soon removed by the politeness and attention which he almost universally experienced. There was not a gentleman in town from his own country but went to see him, not merely gazing at him as a spectacle, but treating him in the most friendly and soothing manner; which, he declared, was too deeply impressed upon his mind ever to be forgotten.

The spirit of politeness which always prevailed in the presence of Lambert, was such as was, perhaps, never observed on a similar occasion.

Many of his visiters seemed incapable of gratifying their curiosity to its full extent, and called again and again to behold what an immense magnitude the human figure is capable of attaining; one man, a banker in the city, jocosely observed, that he had fairly had a pound's worth.

Lambert had the pleasure of receiving persons of almost every description and nation. He was one day visited by a party of fourteen, eight women and six men, who

expressed their joy at not being too late, as it was near the time of closing the door for the day. They assured him they had come from Guernsey, on purpose to convince themselves of the existence of such a prodigy as he had been described to be by one of their neighbours who had seen him; adding, that they had not one single friend or acquaintance in London, so that they had no other motive whatever for their voyage. A striking illustration of the power of curiosity over the human mind.

Great numbers of foreigners were gratified with the contemplation of a spectacle, unequalled perhaps in any other country. Among these, a Frenchman, accompanied by a Jew, seemed extremely desirous, from motives best known to himself, of persuading Lambert to make an excursion to the continent, insinuating that, under his guidance and management, he could not fail of success. "Vy you no go to France?" said he, "I am sure Buonaparte vill make your fortune." Lambert, who had too much good

sense to be the dupe of a designing monsieur, declined accepting the invitation.

Among the many visiters of Lambert, the celebrated Polish dwarf, count Borulawski, was not the least interesting. The count, having made a fortue by exhibiting his person, has retired to Durham to enjoy the fruit of his economy. Though now in his seventy-fourth year, he still possesses all the gracefulness and vivacity by which he was formerly characterized. Lambert, during his apprenticeship at Birmingham, went several times to see Borulawski, and such was the strength of the count's memory, that he had scarcely fixed his eyes upon him in Piccadilly before he recollected his face. After reflecting a moment, he exclaimed that he had seen the same face twenty years ago, in Birmingham, but it was not surely the same body. This unexpected meeting of the largest and smallest man, seemed to realize the fabled history of the inhabitants of Lilliput and Brobdinag, particularly when Lambert rose for the purpose of affording the diminutive count a full view of his pro-

digious dimensions. In the course of conversation, Lambert asked what quantity of cloth the count requred for a coat, and how many he thought his would make him.—"Not many," answered Borulawski. "I take goot large piece cloth myself—almost tree quarters of a yard." At this rate, one of Lambert's sleeves would be abundantly sufficient for the purpose. The count felt one of Lambert's legs: "Ah," he exclaimed, "pure flesh and blood. I feel de warm. No deception! I am pleased: for I did hear it was deception." Lambert asked if his lady was alive, on which he replied, "No, she is dead, and (putting his finger significantly to his nose) I am not very sorry, for when I affronted her, she put me on the mantle-shelf for punishment."

The many characters that introduced themselves to Lambert's observation in the metropolis, furnished him with a great number of anecdotes, which a retentive memory enabled him to relate with good effect.

One day, the room being rather crowded with company, a young man in the front, al-

most close to Lambert, made incessant use of one of those indispensable appendages of a modern beau, called a quizzing-glass. The conversation turned on the changes of the weather, and in what manner Lambert felt himself affected by them—"What do you dislike most?" asked the beau. "To be bored with a quizzing-glass," was the reply.

A person asking him in a very rude way the cost of one of his coats, he returned him no answer. The man repeated the question, with the observation that he thought he had a right to demand any information, having contributed his shilling, which would help to pay for Lambert's coat as well as the rest. "Sir," rejoined Lambert, "if I knew what part of my next coat your shilling would pay for, I can assure you I would cut out the piece."

On another occasion a woman was particularly solicitous to have the same question resolved. "Indeed, Madam," answered Lambert, "I cannot pretend to charge my memory with the price, but I can put you

into a method of obtaining the information you want. If you think proper to make me a present of a new coat, you will then know exactly what it costs."

A person who had the appearance of a decent man, one day took the liberty of asking several impertinent questions. Lambert looked him sternly in the face, but without making any reply. A woman now entered the room, and Lambert entered into conversation with her, on which the same person observed that he was more polite to ladies than to gentlemen. "I can assure you, Sir," answered Lambert, "that I consider it my duty to treat with equal politeness all those whose behaviour convinces me that they are gentlemen." "I suppose," rejoined the querist, "you mean to infer that I am no gentleman." "That I certainly did," was the reply. Not yet abashed by this reproof, he soon afterwards ventured to ask another question of a similar nature with the preceding. Irritated at these repeated violations of decency, which bespoke a deficiency of good sense as well as good manners,

Lambert fixed his eyes full upon the stranger: "You came into this room, Sir, by the door, but"——"You mean to say," observed the other, looking at the window, "that I may possibly make my exit by some other way." "Begone this moment," thundered Lambert, "or I'll throw you into Piccadilly." No second injunction was necessary to rid him of this obnoxious guest.

After a residence of about five months in the metropolis, where we believe his success was fully adequate to his most sanguine expectations, he returned in September, 1806, to his native town.

From that period to his death, he continued to travel, gratifying the curiosity of his countrymen; and again visited London in March, 1807. On Tuesday evening, June 20th, 1809, he arrived, from Huntingdon, at the house of Mr. Berridge, at the Wagon and Horses Inn, in St. Martin's, Stamford, where preparations were made for his receiving company the next day, and during the then ensuing races; but before 9 o'clock on the following morning, the 21st, (fatal 21st!

Alexandria, Trafalgar, and Old England still remember thee!) he had paid the debt of nature, without any previous sickness to indicate the approach of his dissolution.

Lambert's height was five feet eleven inches; three yards four inches round the body; one yard and one inch round the leg; his weight, a few days before his death, was found by the Caledonian balance to be 739lbs. His coffin measured 6 feet 4 inches long, 4 feet 4 inches wide, 2 feet 4 inches deep, and contained 112 superficial feet of elm. It was built upon two axletrees and four clog wheels, and upon these his remains were, at about half past eight o'clock on Friday morning, the 23rd, drawn to the new burial ground, in St. Martin's, Stamford. His grave was dug with a gradual sloping for many yards, and upwards of 20 men were employed for nearly half an hour (after having dragged the corpse to the mouth of the grave) in getting this enormous mass of putridity into its "narrow cell." Notwithstanding the early hour at which he was buried, a great concourse of people, "youth

and hoar age," were assembled, numbers of whom had been in expectation of seeing him alive, in propria persona, but were now obliged to content themselves with the mere sight of his coffin, which, to a contemplative mind, would create reflections on the mutability of all sublunary things.

> "The grave has eloquence, its lectures teach,
> In silence, louder than divines can preach."

We shall now proceed to state what we have been able to collect relative to the habits, manners, and propensities of this extraordinary man.

It is not improbable that incessante xercise in the open air, in the early part of his life laid the foundation of an uncommonly healthy constitution. Lambert scarcely knew what it was to be ailing or indisposed. His temperance, no doubt, contributed towards this uninterrupted flow of health. His food differed in no respect from that of other people; he eat with moderation, and of one dish at a time. He never drank any other beverage than water; and though at one period of his

life he seldom spent an evening at home, but with convivial parties, he never could be prevailed on to join his companions in their libations. One of the qualifications that strongly tend to promote harmony and conviviality, was possessed in an eminent degree by Lambert—He had a fine, powerful, and melodious voice. It was a strong tenor, unlike that of a fat man, light, and unembarrassed, and the articulation perfectly clear.

He never felt any pain in his progress towards his extraordinary bulk, but increased gradually and imperceptibly. Before he was bulky he never knew what it was to be out of wind. It was evident to all those who were acquainted with him, that he had no oppression upon his lungs, from fat or any other cause: and Dr. Heaviside expressed his opinion, that his life was as good (or comfortable) as that of any other healthy man.

Lambert slept less than the generality of mankind, being never more than eight hours in bed. He never was inclined to drowsiness, either after dinner or in any other part of the day: and such was the vivacity of his

disposition, that he was always the last person to retire to rest, which he seldom did before one o'clock. He slept without having his head raised more than is usual with other men, and always with the window open. His respiration was so perfectly free and unobstructed, that he never snored ; and what is not a little extraordinary, he could awake within five minutes of any time he pleased. All the secretions were carried on in him with the same facility as in any other person.

We have already adverted to Lambert's fondness for hunting, coursing, racing, fishing, and cocking. He was likewise well known in his neighbourhood as a great otter-hunter. Till within these seven years, he was extremely active in all the sports of the field, and though he was prevented by his corpulence from partaking in them, he still bred cocks, setters, and pointers, which he brought to as great perfection as any other sporting character of his day, and perhaps greater. At the time when terries were the vogue, he possessed no less than thirty of them at once. The high estimation in

which animals of his breeding were held by sporting amateurs, was fully evinced in the sale of the dogs which he took with him to London, and which were disposed of at Tattersal's, at the following prices :—Peg, a black setter bitch, 41gs : Punch, a setter dog, 26gs ; Brush, ditto, 17gs ; Bob, ditto, 20gs ; Bounce, ditto, 22gs ; Sam, ditto, 26gs ; Bell, ditto, 32gs ; Charlotte, a pointer bitch, 26gs ; Lucy, ditto, 12gs. Total, 218 guineas.—Mr. Mellish was the purchaser of the seven setters, and lord Kinnaird of the two pointers.

If Lambert had a greater attachment to one kind of sport than another, it was to racing. He was fond of riding himself before his weight prevented him from enjoying that exercise ; and it was his opinion, founded on experience, that the more blood, and the better a horse was bred, the better it carried him.

During his residence in London, Lambert found himself in no wise affected by the change of air, unless we ought to attribute to that cause an occasional, momentary, trifling depression of spirits in a morning,

such as he felt on his recovery from inflammatroy attacks, which are the only kind of indisposition he ever remembered to have experienced.

The extraordinary share of health he enjoyed, was not the result of any unusual exertion on his part, as he has in many instances accustomed himself to the total neglect of those means by which men in general endeavour to preserve that inestimable blessing. As a proof of this, the following fact was related from his own lips:—Before his increasing size prevented his partaking in the sports of the field, he never could be prevailed upon, when he returned home at night from these excursions, to change any part of his clothes, however wet they might be; and he put them on again next morning, though they were, perhaps, so thoroughly soaked, as to leave behind them their mark on the floor: notwithstanding this, he never knew what it was to take cold. On one of these occasions, he was engaged with a party of young men in a boat, in drawing a pond: knowing that a principal part of this diver-

sion always consists in sousing each other as much as possible, Lambert, before he entered the boat, walked in his clothes up to his chin into the water. He remained the whole of the day in this condition, which to any other man must have proved intolerably irksome. At night, on retiring to bed, he stripped off his shirt and all, and the next morning, putting on his clothes, wet as they were, he resumed the diversion with the rest of his companions. Nor was this all; for, lying down in the bottom of the boat, he took a comfortable nap for a couple of hours, and though the weather was rather severe, he experienced no kind of inconvenience from what might be justly considered as extreme indiscretion.

It would, perhaps, have been an interesting speculation to have tried how far a certain regimen might have tended to reduce Lambert's excessive bulk, which, however healthy he might have been, could not but be productive of some inconvenience, besides depriving him of enjoyments to which he was passionately attached. The

annals of medicine furnish a very remarkable instance of this sort, and though the person bore no resemblance except in bulk to Lambert, yet the analogy is sufficiently striking to induce a belief that the adoption of a similar method would have been attended with similar effects. The case to which we allude is that of Thomas Wood, a miller, of Billericay, in Essex, which is related in the second volume of Medical Transactions, by Sir George Baker. Wood, after passing the preceding part of his life in eating and drinking without weight or measure, found himself in the year 1764, and in the 45th year of his age, overwhelmed with a complication of painful and terrible disorders. In the catalogue were comprehended frequent sickness of the stomach, pain in the bowels, headach, and vertigo; he had almost a constant thirst, a great lowness of spirits, fits of the gravel, violent rheumatism, and frequent attacks of the gout, also two epileptic fits. To this copious list of diseases were added, a formidable sense of suffocation, particularly after meals, and an extreme cor-

pulence of person. On reading the life of Cornaro, recommended to his perusal by Powley, a worthy clergyman in his neighborhood, he immediately formed a resolution to follow the salutary precepts inculcated and exemplified in that performance. He prudently, however, did not make a sudden change in his manner of living; but finding the good effects of his new regimen, after proper gradations both with respect to the quantity and quality of his meat and drink, he finally left off the use of all fermented liquors on the 4th of January, 1765, when he commenced water-drinker. He did not even long indulge himself in this innocent beverage; for on the 25th of October following, having found himself easier and better on having accidently dined that day without drinking, he finally took his leave of that and every other kind of drink, not having tasted a single drop of any liquor whatsoever, excepting only what he had occasionally taken in the form of medicine, and two glasses and a half of water drank on the 9th of May, 1766, from that date till August 22d,

1771, the day on which Sir George Baker drew up the account.

With respect to solid nutriment, sometime in the year 1767, was the last time of his eating any kind of animal food. In its room he substituted a single dish, of which he made only two meals in the twenty-four hours; one at four or five in the morning, and the other at noon. This consisted of pudding, (of which he eat a pound and a half,) made of three pints of skimmed milk, poured boiling hot on a pound of sea-biscuit over night, to which two eggs were added next morning, and the whole boiled in a cloth about an hour. Finding this diet too nutritious, and having grown fat during the use of it, he threw out the eggs and milk, and formed a new edition of pudding, consisting only of a pound of coarse flour and a point of water, boiled together. He was at first much delighted with this new receipt, and lived upon it three months; but finding it not easily digestible, he finally formed a mess, which ever afterwards constituted the whole of his nourishment, composed of a pound of the

best flour, boiled to a proper stiffness with a pint and a half of skimmed milk, without any other addition.

Such was the regimen of diet, as agreeable to his palate as his former food used to be, by means of which, with a considerable share of exercise, Wood got rid of the incumbrance of 140 or 150 pounds of distempered flesh and fat; and, to use his own expression, "was metamorphosed from a monster to a person of moderate size; from the condition of an unhealthy decrepid old man to perfect health, and to the vigor and activity of youth:" his spirits lively, his sleep undisturbed, and his strength of muscles so far improved that he could carry a quarter of a ton weight, which he in vain attempted to perform when he was about the age of thirty, and in perfect health.

We leave to medical men to decide what would have been the probable result of a like procedure with respect to Lambert, but for our own part, we cannot forbear thinking that, with his healthy constitution and less advanced age, its consequences would have been infinitely more striking and beneficial.

In order to show how far Lambert surpasses all other men who have hitherto been distinguished for bulk and corpulence, we shall subjoin a brief account of some who have been particularly remarked on this score.

John Love, in the early part of his life, was placed with one Ryland, an engraver, on whose death he returned to his relations in the county of Dorset. At this time he was extremely thin, and at length, became so meager, that his friends were apprehensive of his falling into a consumption. By the advice of physicians, he was provided with every kind of nutritious food, which led him into such habits of ease and indulgence, that he resigned himself entirely to the pleasures of the table. Having commenced business as a bookseller, at Weymouth, he gave full scope to his propensity for good living, and soon grew as remarkably heavy and corpulent, as he was before light and slender. His bulk, probably from the extraordinary contrast in his appearance, excited the astonishment of every spectator, though his weight did not exceed 364lbs. At length, suffoca-

ted by fat, he paid the debt of nature, in the forty-first year of his age, and was buried at Weymouth, in October, 1793.

Palmer, who kept the Golden-Lion Inn, at Brompton, in Kent, was a man of uncommon corpulence, and during Lambert's residence in London, he was induced to visit the metropolis for the purpose of seeing him. Palmer weighed 350lbs. and though it is said that five ordinary men might have been buttoned in his waistcoat, he appeared of diminutive size when placed beside Lambert. He did not survive his journey more than three weeks; and at his funeral it was found necessary to take out the windows of the tap-room, to make a passage for the coffin out of the house, from which it was conveyed to the place of interment in a wagon, as no hearse could be procured sufficiently capacious to admit it.

But the man who approached the nearest to the dimensions of Lambert, was Edward Bright, a grocer, of Malden in Essex.—Many of Bright's ancestors were remarkably fat; and he himself was so large and

lusty when a boy, that at the age of twelve years and a half, he weighed 144lbs. He increased as he grew up, so that, before he was twenty he weighed 336lbs. The last time he was weighed, which was about thirteen months before his death, his weight, deducting that of his clothes, was 584lbs. It was manifest to himself and to every one about him, that he continued to grow larger after this period, and if we take the same proportion by which he had increased for many years upon an average, namely 28 pounds a year, and allow an addition of only four pounds for the last year, on account of the little exercise he took, while he eat and drank as before, this will bring him to 616lbs. at the time of his death; which, in the opinion of many intelligent people who knew him well, was accounted a very fair and moderate computation.

Bright was 5 feet 9 inches and a half in height; his body round the chest, just under the arms, measured 5 feet 6 inches, and round the belly 6 feet 11 inches. His arm in the middle was 2 feet 2 inches about, and his

leg 2 feet 8 inches. He was always strong and active, took much exercise from his childhood till the last two or three years of his life, when he became too unwieldy. He possessed great strength of muscles, could walk very well and nimbly, and could not only ride on horseback, but would sometimes gallop, even after he had attained the weight of between 4 and 5 hundred pounds. He used to go to London, a distance of forty miles, till the journey proved too fatiguing, and he relinquished the practice some years before he died. By this time he had grown to such a size as to excite the notice and wonder of all as he passed along the streets. In the last year or two, he could walk but a short distance, being soon tired and out of breath; travelling abroad but little, and that in a chaise.

Bright had always a good appetite, and when a youth, was rather remarkable in that particular. Though he continued to eat heartily and with a good relish after he grew up, yet he did not take a greater quantity of food than many other men who are said to

have good stomachs. As to his drink, though he did not take any liquor to an intoxicating degree, yet, upon the whole, he perhaps drank more than prudence would have dictated to a man of his excessively corpulent disposition. When a very young man, he was uncommonly fond of ale and strong beer, but for many years, his chief liquor was small beer, of which he usually drank a gallon a day. With respect to other liquors, he was extremely moderate, when alone, sometimes drinking half a pint of wine, or a little punch after dinner, and seldom exceeding this quantity ; but when he was in company, he did not confine himself to so small an allowance.

For the greatest part of his life, Bright enjoyed a very good state of health. During the last three years, however, he was seized, more than once, with an inflammation in his leg, attended with a fever, and such a disposition to mortification, as to make it necessary to scarify the part. By this expedient, and by the aid of fomentation and bleeding, he was always soon relieved. Whenever he was bled, he was always ac-

customed to have two pounds taken away at a time, and he was not more sensible of the loss of such a quantity than an ordinary man is of twelve or fourteen ounces.

Bright married at the age of twenty-two; he lived in the conjugal state upwards of seven years, in which time he had five children born, and left his wife pregnant with the sixth. An amiable mind inhabited his overgrown body. He was of a cheerful temper, a kind husband, a tender father, a good master, a friendly neighbour, and an honest man; so that it cannot be surprising if he was universally beloved and respected.

His last illness, which lasted about a fortnight, was a miliary-fever. It began with strong inflammatory symptoms, a very troublesome cough, difficulty of breathing, and the eruption was extremely violent. For some days, he was thought to be relieved in the other symptoms by the eruption; but it cannot be matter of wonder that his constitution was not able to withstand a disease which proves fatal to many who appear much more fit to grapple with it. He died on the

10th of November, 1750, in the thirtieth year of his age.

His body began to putrify very soon after death, notwithstanding the coolness of the weather, and the very next day became extremely offensive. The coffin was three feet six inches broad at the shoulders, and upwards of three feet in depth. A way was cut through the wall and stair-case to let it down into the shop. It was drawn to church on a low-wheeled carriage, by ten or twelve men, and was let down into the grave by an engine fixed up in the church for that purpose, amidst a vast concourse of spectators, not only from the town, but from the country for several miles round. After his death a wager was laid, that five men, twenty-one years of age, could be buttoned in his waistcoat. It was decided on the 1st of December, 1750, at the Black Bull, at Malden, when not only five men, as proposed, but seven men were enclosed in it, without breaking a stich, or straining a button.

Instances of a sudden and rapid increase

in bulk, not less extraordinary than that of Lambert, have likewise been observed in children and even infants. In the year 1780, a phenomenon of this kind was publicly exhibited in London, in the person of Thomas Aills Everitt, born in February, 1779. The child's father conducted a paper-mill by the side of Enfield Marsh, and was about thirty-six years of age; the mother about forty-two, of a healthy habit; but neither of the parents were remarkable for size or stature. Thomas was their fifth child; the eldest of three living, in 1780, was twelve years old, and rather small of his age: but the paternal grandfather was a size larger than ordinary. They had another son of uncommon proportion, who died in January, 1774, at the age of fifteen months. Thomas was not remarkably large when born, but began when six weeks old, to grow apace, and attained a most extraordinary size.

The child was soon afterwards conveyed to the house of a relation in Great Turnstile, Holborn; but the confined situation had such

an effect on his health, that it was found necessary to carry him back to his native air. His extraordinary size tempted his parents to remove him again to the metropolis, and to exhibit him to the public. His dimensions, as stated in the handbills distributed at the place of exhibition, and under a print of Everitt and her son, published in January, 1780, were taken when he was eleven months old. His height was then three feet three inches; his girth round the breast, two feet six inches; the loins three feet one inch; the thigh, one foot ten inches; the leg, one foot two inches; the arm, eleven inches and a half; the wrist nine inches. He was well proportioned all over, and subsisted entirely on the breast. His countenance was comely, but rather more expressive than is usual at his age, and was exceedingly pleasing, from his being uncommonly good tempered. He had very fine hair, pure skin, free from any blemish, was extremely lively, and had a bright clear eye. His head was rather smaller in proportion than his other parts.

From these circumstances, Sherwin ventured to prognosticate, that he was as likely to arrive at maturity, accidental diseases excepted, as any child he ever saw. This opinion might, undoubtedly, have been well founded, notwithstanding the child's death, which took place about the middle of 1780, before he had attained the age of eighteen months.

But to return to Lambert:—He could not fail to be to every spectator an object of wonder and surprise; but to the man of science, and especially to the medical practitioner, his peculiarities must have been uncommonly interesting. It was impossible to behold his excessive corpulence, without being astonished that he was not long before suffocated by such an accumulation of substance. The perfect and uninterrupted flow of health which he enjoyed in his progress to his vast dimensions is likewise a remarkable trait in the history of Lambert.

While these, and other points of singularity, afford abundant room for speculation to

the philosopher, the moralist will delight to investigate the qualities of that mind which animated such a prodigious body. Shrewd and intelligent, Lambert had improved his natural talents by reading and observation. In company, he was lively and agreeable; the general information he possessed, and the numerous anecdotes treasured up in a memory uncommonly retentive, rendered his society extremely pleasant and instructive. His readiness at repartee, his superiority in characteristic description, and the humorous sallies in which he often indulged, gave life, vivacity, and interest, to his conversation. With respect to humanity, temperance, and liberality of sentiment, Lambert may be held up as a model worthy of general imitation.

FINIS.

AN

ACCOUNT OF

THE

ASTONISHING BEAUTIES

AND

Operations of Nature,

IN THE MINUTE CREATION,

DISPLAYED BY THE

SOLAR MICROSCOPE

BY CHRISTOPHER COLLES.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY SAMUEL WOOD,
AT THE JUVENILE BOOK-STORE,
NO. 357, PEARL-STREET.
1815.

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ure CD is a circular plate which turns round by means of the button F, and by means of the buttom G the looking glass is elevated or depressed, so that by these motions the light is regulated. The object is placed in an ivory slider through a hole near H, the end of the tube.

An accurate account of the magnifying power of each magnifier, as exhibited on the screen.

Magnifier No.	*Magnifies the Diameter.*	*Magnifies the surface.*	*Magnifies the Bulk.*
1	1035	1071225	3118717875
2	883	693889	578003587
3	583	339889	198155287
4	425	180625	76765625
5	358	128164	45882712
6	316	98856	31554496

Human blood, and the blood of land animals, is found, by the microscope, to consist of round red globules, floating in a transpar-

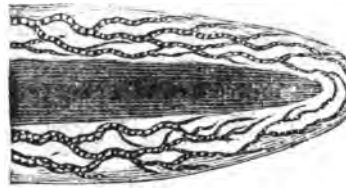
ent water, or serum : the specific gravity of these globules is somewhat more than the serum wherein they float.

In order to view the circulation of the blood by the microscope, we must use such small creatures as, by their transparency, will permit us to see through them.

The transparent membrane between the toes of a frog's hind foot, is an object very convenient for viewing the current and circulation of the blood ; and in this, if well expanded, it may be seen fairly and distinctly, flowing through innumerable veins and arteries, like the rivers in a map.

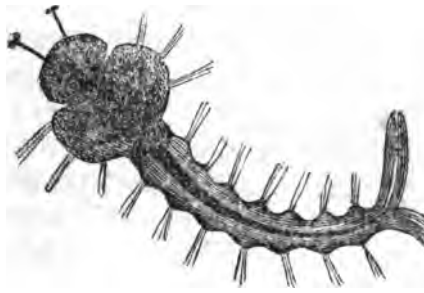
In the fins and tails of fish, it may likewise be observed : but here, the streams flow nearly in parallel lines, in the direction of the bones.

Tail of a Tadpole.



In Tadpoles, (commonly called toad fish,) the circulation can be seen in a very pleasing manner; the globules changing their form, and growing less in diameter, so as to pass through smaller veins.

The Moscheto Insect.



The Moscheto, or gnat insect, in its middle state, between a maggot and a moscheto, may be found abundantly in rain water. It makes an astonishing appearance when magnified on the screen to the length of six or eight feet, when the bulk is magnified more than five hundred and seventy millions of times. The pulse may be visibly seen to beat, in the dark central part, which appears to be two great veins, or blood vessels, as they sometimes separate, so that light may be seen between them. In the head,

the muscles which move the jaws may frequently be seen working. The blood may also be observed moving in the transparent part contiguous to the dark central part, but no words can sufficiently describe it.

This creature, after it passes the state of an insect, gets wings, and becomes an inhabitant of the air; and what is most amazing, that although a minute ago it was an inhabitant of the water, it would now be drowned if plunged therein.

A remarkable and singular kind of circulation may be seen by those luminous objects called Medusas, or night qualls, which occasion the luminous appearance in sea water when agitated violently. This circulation may be seen by the naked eye; and though it be perfectly transparent, like the white of an egg, it cannot be conveniently observed with the solar microscope. This object is however of such a singular nature, as not easily to be described or understood; for although it has this manifest circulation, yet, if

separated or broken, each part continues to exhibit equally as before the powerful circulation; and this it will continue to show when reduced to very small dimensions, yet a very trifling agitation will separate it into parts so minute, that although inclosed in a transparent glass tube, nothing can be observed but water like soap suds.

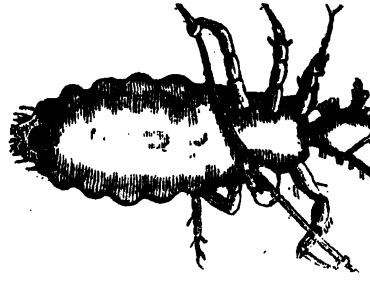
Crystallization of Salts.

The crystallization of salts makes an elegant appearance by the solar microscope. Sal ammoniac seems preferable to any other salt for this exhibition. A solution of sal ammoniac in water is made, and by dipping a stick therein, a very small quantity is spread evenly on a naroow strip of window glass: this being expeditiously placed in the microscope, will, in about half a minute, or less time, throw forth such splendid and

beautiful streams and flashes of crystallization, as is beyond the power of the tongue to describe, or the pencil to paint; for, no drawing can exhibit motion.

The effervescence of acids and alkalis will produce a rapid motion and pleasing appearance, which will cease when the mutual attractive and repulsive powers are balanced, and the whole is completely mixed.

The Louse.

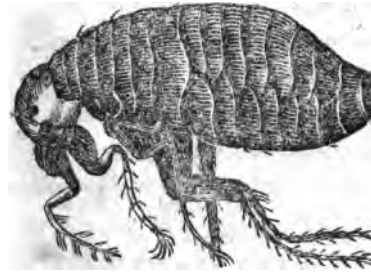


The Louse is an ugly insect well known, which upon the screen of the solar microscope appears four or five feet long: it is

commonly bred on the head. People generally think that the louse found on the body is different from that got on the head; but the microscope discovers no such difference: and we may be certain, that when people are dirty, and do not shift their linen frequently, the lice, when they get there, will lay their nits and eggs, where they will breed rapidly, because the nourishment they get on the body, they prefer to what they get on the head. Its magnified appearance is five or six feet long; the motion of its limbs, exceedingly rapid and nimble.

Mr. Baker, in his treatise on the microscope, vol. 2, page 181, says, that in 8 weeks a louse may see 5000 of its descendants. This was experienced by Mr. Lieuwenhoek, who put two females into a black silk stocking which he wore both day and night; by which he discovered the progression of the increase as before mentioned.

The Flea.



The flea is another well known little insect, covered all over with black, hard shelly plates, curiously jointed and folded over one another, in such a manner as to comply with all the nimble motions and activity of the animal. The solar microscope shews it four or five feet long. The scales are curiously polished, and beset about the edges with long spikes; it has six legs, four of which are joined on at the breast. When it leaps, it folds these legs short one within another; so that exerting their spring all at the same instant, it is sufficiently elastic

to carry the creature to an incredible distance.

Two things in this creature seem to deserve our consideration: to wit, their surprising agility, and their prodigious strength. It can leap above a hundred times its own length, as has been, and may be easily proved by experiment. What vigorous muscles! how weak and sluggish in proportion to its bulk is the horse, the camel, or the elephant, if compared with this puny insect!

Cheese mites, although scarcely visible to the naked eye, are magnified apparently as large as rats; moving through lumps of cheese with surprising agility. Their bodies are round and plump, and thinly beset with very long hairs.

In vinegar and sour paste, a number of animalcules may be seen, exactly resembling eels, and exceedingly lively in their motions.

Skin of a Spider's Leg.

As spiders cast their skins, and leave them in their web, and as there are skins very different in size to be found in cobwebs, it is very probable they cast their skins frequently: this enables us to procure the skin of their legs, which, when magnified, will measure on the screen twenty feet in length, considerable thicker than a man's body, and are covered with bristles surprisingly large.

Mr. Baker says, that the contexture of the web, and their manner of weaving it, are the discovery of the microscope; that the spider has five little teats, from whence a gummy liquor proceeds, which hardens in the air, and becomes a string or thread, strong enough to bear five or six times the weight of the spider's body. The threads are finer or coarser, according

to the size of the spider; and what is very singular, they can wind up or take the thread again into their bodies, and raise themselves up when any thing disturbs them in their descent.

The Butterfly.

There is a very great variety in the texture, formation, and ornaments on the wings of insects: some are composed of thin films, supported by strong bony ribs, some of which are covered with short feathers, like the tiles of a house, as in moths and butterflies: some are stuck over with short bristles:

others have divided wings, as the gray and white feathered moth. Many are adorned with rows of feathers along their ridges, and borders of feathers round the edge; some have hairs, and others hooks, placed with great regularity and order.

Those conversant in microscopes, need not be informed, that the beautiful colours on the wings of moths and butterflies, are owing to elegant minute feathers, ending in quills, and placed with great exactness in orderly rows, as, when rubbed off, the holes they come from shew.

Scales of Fish.

The scales or outward covering of fish are formed with surprising beauty and regularity ; and in endless variety, in figure and texture ; some are long, some round, some triangular, some square, and some or other of all shapes we can well imagine ; some again are armed with sharp prickles, and some have smooth edges ; and indeed, for variety, beauty, regularity, and order of arrangement, they bear a near resemblance to the wings of moths and butterflies.

It is generally believed, that an eel has no scales ; but if its slime be wiped clean away, and the skin be examined with the microscope, it will be found covered with exceeding small scales, ranged in a very orderly manner, and I believe very few fish, unless they have shells, are without scales.

The farina of flowers, is that fine mealy powder which is found on the little pendant tops of almost every flower : its colour is different in flowers of different kinds. It was formerly imagined to be a mere excrementitious and unnecessary part of the plant; but the microscope has discovered, that all the minute grains of this powder, are regular, uniform, beautiful bodies, constantly of the same figure and size, in plants of the same species, but in different kinds of plants, are as different as the plants themselves.

The seeds of plants provide an ample field for the employment of the microscope; the ancients imagined the capillary plants, and many other kinds, produced no seeds, and

their mistake could never have been rectified by the naked eye; but the microscope has shewn, that the several species of fern, harts-tongue, maidenhair, &c. are so far from being barren, that they are amazingly fruitful; that the seed vessels are on the backs of the leaves, and that the dust which flies off when we meddle with them, is nothing but their minute seeds. These seed vessels appear to the naked eye like a black or brown scurf on the back side of the leaf; but when veiwed by the microscope, they resemble little circular tubes, divided into many cells, containing seeds. When the seed is ripe, the vessels fly open with a spring, and spirt the seeds out on every side, in the form of dust; and if at that season, some of the leaves are put in a paper cone, and that be held to the ear, the seed vessels may be heard to burst, with a considerable noise; some of these minute vessels, contain at least one hundred seeds, invisible to the naked eye.

The dust of the fungus pulverulentus, or puff ball, seems to the naked eye like smoke or vapour ; but when magnified by one of the greatest magnifiers, (for else it cannot be distinguished), it appears to be an infinite number of little globules, of an orange colour, somewhat transparent, whose diameter is not more than the fiftieth part of that of a hair.

Wolf and Weevil.

A. B.

A—The Wolf, in its reptile state.

B—Its appearance when transformed into a Moth.

The Weevil and Wolf are two kinds of insects which do abundance of mischief to many sorts of grain, by eating into them, and devouring all their substance; and as the account of them may be of some advantage to the farmer, we shall publish it at large.

The Weavil is somewhat bigger than a large louse, with two pretty, jointed, tufted, horns, and a trunk, or piercer, with which it gnaws its way into the heart of the grain, either to seek for food, or deposit its eggs there.

By keeping these creatures in glass tubes, with some grains of wheat, it will be found that the female perforates a grain, and therein deposits a single oblong egg, or two at most, (a grain of wheat being unable to maintain above one or two of the young brood when hatched) and this she does to five or six grains every day, for several days together. These eggs, not above the size of a grain of sand, in about seven days produce an odd sort of white maggot, which wriggles its body pretty much, but is scarcely able to move from place to place, as indeed it has no occasion, being happily lodged by its parents where it has food enough. This maggot turns into an aurelia, which in about fourteen days, comes out a perfect weevil.

Weevils when in the egg, or not come to their perfect state, are often devoured by mites.

The Wolf is a little white worm or maggot that infects granaries or corn chambers, and often does unspeakable damage.

I call it a worm or maggot because under that form it does the mischief; though in its perfect state, it is really a small moth, whose wings are white, spotted with black.

This little maggot has six legs, and as it creeps along there issues from its mouth an exceeding fine thread or web, by which it fastens itself to every thing it touches, so that it cannot fall. Its mouth is armed with a pair of redish forceps, or biting instruments, with which it gnaws its way, not only into wheat or other grain, but perforates even wooden beams, boxes, books, and almost any thing it meets with.

Towards the end of summer, this pernicious insect (in corn chambers infested with them) may be seen crawling up the walls in

great numbers, in search of proper places, where they may abide in safety during their continuance in their aurelia state: for, when the time of undergoing a change into that state approaches, they forsake their food, and the little cells they had formed of hollowed grains of corn, clotted together, by means of the web coming from their mouths, and wander about till they find some wooden beam, or other body to their mind, into which they gnaw holes with their sharp fangs, capable of concealing them: and there enveloping themselves in a covering of their own spinning, soon become metamorphosed into dark coloured aurelias.

These aurelias continue all the winter inactive and harmless; but about April or May, as the weather grows warm, they are transformed anew, and come forth moths of the kind above described. They may then be seen in great numbers, taking little flights, or creeping along the walls; and as they eat nothing in their fly state, are at that time not

mischievous. But they soon couple and lay eggs, shaped like hen's eggs, but not larger than a grain of sand, each female sixty or seventy, which by means of a tube at the end of her tail, she thrusts or insinuates into the little wrinkles, hollows, or crevices of the corn; where, in about sixteen days, they hatch, and then the plague begins; for, the minute worms or maggots immediately perforate the grain they were hatched upon, eat out the very heart of it, and with their webs cement other grains thereto, which they likewise scoop out and devour, leaving nothing but husks and dust, and such a quantity of their dung, as shews them to be more voracious insects than the weevil.

The watchful observer has two opportunities of destroying these vermin, if they happen to be among his corn; one is, when they forsake their food and ascend the walls, which they will sometimes almost cover: the other, when they appear in the moth state: at both these times they may be crushed to

death against the walls, by clapping sacks upon them. But they may be exterminated still more effectually, if, closing up all the doors and windows, the corn chamber be filled with the fumes of brimstone, by leaving it burning on a pan of charcoal, without giving it any vent for twenty-four hours. Great caution, however, must be used, to open the windows and doors, and let all the fumes be entirely gone, before any body enters the place afterwards, for fear of suffocation. The fumes of the sulphur are in no wise hurtful to the corn.

The eyes of insects are amazing pieces of mechanism, whose structure and disposition, without the assistance of the microscope, would for ever have been unknown to man.

Beetles, Dragon-flies, Bees, Wasps, Ants, common flies, butterflies, and many other insects have two crescents, or immoveable caps, composing the greatest part of the head, and containing a prodigious number

of little hemispheres, or round protuberances, placed with the utmost regularity and exactness in lines crossing each other, and resembling lattice work. These are a collection of eyes, so perfectly smooth and polished, that like so many mirrors they reflect the images of all outward objects. One may see the figure of a candle multiplied apparently to an indefinite number on their surfaces, shifting its beams into each eye, according to the motion given it, or the particular position of the observers hands; and as other creatures are obliged to turn their eyes to objects, this sort have some or other of their eyes always ready directed towards any objects which present themselves on any side. In short, all these little hemispheres are real eyes, having in the middle of each a minute lens and pupil, through which objects appear inverted, or topsy-turvy, as through a convex glass: this becomes also a small telescope, when there is a just focal distance between it and the lens of the microscope

It is also reasonable to suppose, that every lens has a distinct branch of the optic nerve administering to it, and yet, that objects are not multiplied, or appear otherwise than single, any more than they do to us, who see not an object double, though we have two eyes.

Almost every man that has used a microscope has been entertained with a view of these minute eyes, and yet very few have well considered either the nature or number of them. Mr. Hook computed 14000 hemispheres in the two eyes of a drone; viz 7000 in each eye. Mr. Lieuwenhoek reckoned 6236 in a silk worms two eyes, when in its fly state; 3181 in each eye of a beetle, and 8000 in the two eyes of a common fly. The Libella, Adder-bolt or Dragon-fly, (called here the devil's darning needle) is the most remarkable of all insects for its large pearled eyes: which even with a common reading glass appear like the skin we call shagreen. Mr. Lieuwenhoek reckons in each eye of

this creature 12544 lenses, placed in a hexangular position, like a honey-comb, each having six others round it: which is also the order most common in other insects' eyes. He likewise observed in the center of each lens a minute, transparent spot, brighter than the rest, and supposed to be the pupil through which the rays of light are transmitted to the retina: this spot had three circles surrounding it, and seemed several times less than the diameter of the whole lens. We see here, in each lenticular surface, as much accuracy in the figure, elegance in the polish, and as much contrivance and beauty as in the eye of a whale, or an elephant. How delicate, how exquisitely delicate, must the filaments of the retina be which serve to each of these, since the whole picture of objects painted thereon must be millions of times less than the images of them painted on the human eye!

If the eye of the Dragon-fly be carefully washed out and dried, so as not to shrink, it

will be well prepared for the microscope: and, upon viewing it, we shall perfectly distinguish the numerous hemispheres, divided from one another with a small light issuing between them, and six sides to each. Mr. Lieuwenhoek having prepared an eye in this manner, placed it a little farther from his microscope than when he would examine an object, so as to leave a right and exact focal distance between it and the lens of his microscope; and then looking through both, in the manner of a telescope, at the steeple of a church which was 299 feet high, and 750 feet from the place where he stood, he could plainly see through every little lens, the whole steeple inverted, though not larger than the point of a fine needle; and directing his view to a neighbouring house, he saw, through abundance of the hemispheres, not only the front of the house, but likewise the doors and windows, and was able to discern distinctly whether the windows were shut or open.

There can be no doubt, that lice, mites and multitudes of other animalcules much smaller than these, have eyes contrived and fashioned, to discern objects some thousands of times less than themselves: for so the minute particles they feed on, and many other things necessary for them to distinguish and know perfectly, must certainly be. What a power then of magnifying are such eyes endued with! and what extraordinary discoveries might be made, were it possible to obtain glasses through which we could see as they do!

The common fly is adorned with beauties not to be conceived without a microscope. It is studded from head to tail with silver and black, and its body is all over beset with bristles pointing towards the tail. The head contains two large eyes, encircled with borders of silver hairs; a wide mouth with a hairy trunk, or instrument to take in its food; a pair of short horns, several stiff black bristles, and many other particulars discovera-

ble by the microscope. This trunk consists of two parts folding over one another, and sheathed in the mouth: the extremity thereof is sharp like a knife, for the separation of any thing: the two parts can also be formed occasionally, into a pair of lips for taking up a proper quantity of food; and by the fly's sucking in the air they become a kind of pump to draw up the juices of fruits, or other liquors.

Some flies are much lighter coloured and more transparent than others; and in such the motion of the intestines may be seen very distinctly, working from the stomach downwards; and also the motion of the lungs, contracting and dilating themselves alternately. Upon opening a fly, numberless veins may likewise be discovered, dispersed over the surface of the intestines; for the veins being blackish, and the intestines white, they are plainly visible by the microscope, though 200000 times slenderer then the hair of a man's beard. According to Mr. Lieuwen-

hook the diameter of 450 such veins is about equal to the diameter of a single hair of his beard, and, consequently, 200000 of them put together would be about the bigness of such a hair.

In most kinds of flies, the female is furnished with a moveable tube at the end of her tail, by extending which she can convey her eggs, or what are called fly-blows, into convenient holes and receptacles, either in flesh, or such matters as may afford the young ones proper nourishment. From the eggs come forth minute worms, or maggots, which after feeding for a while, in a voracious manner, arriving at their full growth, become transformed into little brown aurelias, whence, after some time longer, they issue perfect flies.

It would be endless to enumerate the different sorts of flies, which may continually be met with in the meadows, woods, and gardens; and impossible to describe their various plumes and decorations, surpassing in

beauty all the magnificence and luxury of dress in the courts of the greatest princes. Every curious observer will find them out himself, and with amazement and adoration lift up his eyes from the creature to the Creator!

The Ant is an object well worth our notice, being a creature of a very singular structure. The head is large and adorned with two pretty horns, each having twelve joints. It eyes are protuberant and pearled: it has jaws sawlike or indented, with seven little teeth that exactly tally, opening sideways and able to gape very wide asunder, by the help whereof it is often seen grasping and transporting bodies of three or four times its own bulk or weight. It is naturally divided into the head, the breast, and the belly, or tail; each of these parts joining to the other by a very slender ligament. From the breast part, three legs come forth on each side. The tail is armed with a sting which the animal uses only when provoked; but

then a poisonous liquor is conveyed by it into the wound which occasions pain and swelling. The whole body is cased over with a sort of armour, so hard, as scarcely to be penetrated by a lancet, and thick set with shining whitish bristles. The legs, &c. are also covered with hairs, but much smaller, and of a darker colour.

Upon opening an ant-hill, we see them carrying in their mouths, and securing with great solicitude small whitish bodies, usually called their eggs: these however are not eggs, but ants in their aurelia state, each encompassed with an integument of its own spinning. We might have conjectured this from their largeness in proportion to a perfect ant; but the microscope fully proves it by discovering to us their real eggs of an oblong figure, about the size of a grain of sand, ninety whereof would not extend the length of an inch, nor 170 be equal in bigness to one of these aurelia inclosed in its case. These minute eggs produce maggots, which, after a

time, spin themselves coverings, become aurelias, and then ants. The parents' affection for their young in the aurelia state is so strong, that when danger threatens, they instantly run away with them, and will sooner die than leave them. There are several sorts of ants, differing both in size and colour: and towards the end of Summer many of them are seen having four wings: these, Swammerdam says, are males, which have been frequently seen to cast off or drop their wings.

The French academy has published a curious account of ants, highly worthy of notice. Every ants' nest has a straight hole leading into it, about the depth of half an inch; which afterwards runs sloping downwards to the public magazine, where the grains they collect are stored up: and this is a different place from that where they rest and eat. Their corn being kept under ground would shoot and grow, did they not prevent it by biting out the germen or bud before they lay it up: but this they constantly do; for if

their corn be examined, no bud will be found therein, nor if sowed in the earth will it ever vegetate: were it, however, to lie continually in the ground, the moisture would occasion it to swell and rot, and make it unfit for food: but these inconveniencies they find means to prevent, by their vigilance and labour in the following manner. They gather very small particles of dry earth, which they bring out of their holes every sun-shiny day, and place them in the heat: every one of them brings in her mouth a particle of this earth, lays it by the hole, and then goes to fetch another: so that in a quarter of an hour a vast number of such particles of dried earth are heaped round the hole; their corn is laid upon this earth when under ground, and covered with the same. When these particles of earth are brought out, they fetch out their corn likewise, and place it round this earth, making two heaps about the hole, one of dry particles of earth, and the other of grains of corn; last of all, they fetch out the remainder of

their dry earth, whereon the corn was laid. They never go about this work unless the weather be clear, and the sun very hot; but when both are favourable, they perform it almost every day.

The author of this account had found a nest of ants in a box of earth standing out from a window two stories high, whence they made excursions both upwards to the top of the house, where some corn lay in a garret, and downwards into a garden which the window overlooked. The situation of this nest obliged them to go up or down a great way before they could possibly meet with any thing; but he found, notwithstanding, that none of them ever returned empty, but every one brought a grain of wheat, rye, or oats, a small seed, or even a particle of dry earth, if nothing else could be got. Some travelled to the further end of the garden, and with prodigious labour, brought heavy loads from thence. It required four hours, as he learned by frequent observation, to carry a pretty

large grain or seed from the middle of the garden to the nest; and he computed therefrom, that an ant works as hard as a man who should carry a heavy load 12 miles a day. The pains these ants took, to carry grains of corn up a wall to the second story, climbing all the way with their heads downwards, must be exceedingly great: their weariness was shewn by the frequent stops at the most convenient places, and some appeared so fatigued and spent that they could not reach their journey's end, in which case, it was common to see the strongest ants which had carried home their load, come down again and help them. Sometimes they were so unfortunate as to fall down with their burden when just in sight of home; but when this happened, they seldom lost their corn, but carried it up again. He saw one of the smallest ants carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains; when she came to the box where the nest was, she and her load together tumbled back to the ground: going down to look for

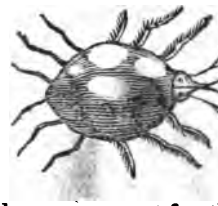
her, he found she had recovered the grain, and was ready to climb up again; this misfortune befel her three times; but she never let go her hold, nor was discouraged; till at last her strength failing, she was forced to stop, and another ant assisted her to carry home her load to the public stock.

How wonderful is the sagacity of these insects! how commendable their care, diligence and labour! how generous their assistance of one another for the service of the community! how noble their public virtue, which is never neglected for the sake of private interest! in all these things, they deserve our notice and imitation. A contemplative mind will naturally turn its thoughts from the condition and government of ant-hills, to that of nations, and reflect that superior beings may possibly consider human kind and all their solicitudes and toils, pride, vanity, and ambition, with no more regard than we do the concerns of these little creatures.

It would be endless to attempt to enumerate the various, astonishing and entertaining objects which may be exhibited by the microscope : we shall therefore select an account of some which have been displayed, in order to refresh or direct the memory of those who have attended the exhibition, and thereby to assist them to contemplate how weak, bungling, ill-shaped and rugged, the nicest works of art are, when compared with the beautiful symmetry, accurate proportion, elegance and harmony of form, together with the profusion of colouring, brightened with the splendour of diamonds, rubies, amethysts, gold and silver, which are set forth on worms, butterflies, and flowers ; and what in our estimation are the meanest productions of nature ; I say, when we reflect on these things, our pride must be humbled, and we must be compelled to acknowledge the superior wisdom, power, and goodness, of the beneficent Creator and preserver of all things.

We are indebted to the microscope for the knowledge that the distemper called the itch is occasioned by a multitude of exceedingly small animalcules, which breed in and under the cuticle, or scarf skin of the human body; and, by their motion, produce the intolerable itching, which compels the infected person to scratch, which removing their eggs, spreads the disease on other parts of the skin.

Itch Animal.



We may hence account for this distemper being so very catching; since these animalcules, by simple contact, can easily pass from one person to another, having not only a swift motion, but clinging to every thing they touch, and crawling as well upon the surface of the body as under the outward

skin ; and a few being once lodged, they multiply apace by the eggs they lay. The infection may also be propagated in a like manner, by sheets, towels, handkerchiefs, or gloves used by itchy people, since these animalcules may easily be harboured in such things, and will live out of the body two or three days.

The discovery of these animalcules likewise shews the reason why this distemper is never to be cured by internal medicines ; but requires lixivial washes, baths or ointments, made up with salts, sulphurs, vitriols, mercury, precipitate, sublimate, or such kinds of penetrating and powerful remedies as can kill these vermin in the skin ; and if sometimes we find the disease return upon us in a little while after we supposed it quite cured by unction, it is no great wonder ; since, though the ointment may destroy all the living animalcules, it may not probably kill their young ones in the eggs, laid in nests in the skin, which coming to hatch may renew the

distemper ; for this reason, it is advisable to continue the anointing for some days, even after the cure seems perfect.

The objects commonly exhibited by the microscope are, the circulation of the blood, either by tadpoles, by a frog's foot, or the moscheto insect ; the crystallization of salts ; the effervescence of acids and alkalis ; cheese mites ; eels in vinegar ; the little red ant ; the common louse, with its nit or egg ; the flea ; the skin of a spider's leg ; the wings, legs, and feelers of different kinds of flies, butterflies and moths ; the sting of a bee ; sea moss ; grasshopper's, or cricket's legs ; proboscis of the horse fly, and other insects ; wood cut across the grain, shewing the sap pores, and that they contain more pores than solid parts; the scales of fish ; the farina of flowers ; a piece of sponge ; sarcenet, peeling, and cambric muslin.

FINIS.

THE

CABINET OF NATURE,

FOR THE YEAR;

CONTAINING,

CURIOUS PARTICULARS CHARACTERISTIC

OF

EACH MONTH.

INTENDED TO DIRECT YOUNG PEOPLE TO THE INNOCENT AND AGREEABLE EMPLOYMENT

OF

OBSERVING NATURE.

"Ye guardian powers! who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and submiss adore
That great creative Will, who, at a word,
Spoke forth the wondrous scene."

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY SAMUEL WOOD & SONS,
AT THE JUVENILE BOOK-STORE,
No. 357, PEARL-STREET.

1815.

PREFACE.

AMONG the greatest blessings and wonders of the creation, may be classed the regularities of times and seasons. The changes of seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, all present us with some peculiar charms; and the blessings which every month brings with it, are fresh instances of the wisdom and bounty of that Providence which regulates the glories of the year To direct the youthful mind to these changes, and to awaken it to the contemplation of the various characteristic phenomena that distinguish them, as well in the animal as the vegetable kingdom, is the object of this publication. And we trust, the information that may be gleaned from it, is calculated equally to render them wiser and better; and that while it makes them acquainted with the face of nature in every season, it will lead them, with fervent glow, to exclaim with the poet,

"These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee."

Although calculated for the latitude and meridian of Great-Britain, yet on an examination of this little book, the publisher was induced to believe, the Youth of Columbia might be profitably amused in a perusal of it he accordingly has given it an American impression, taking the liberty to make some notes on what he deemed exceptionable.

SKETCH

OF

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Observe how regular the Planets run,
In stated times their courses round the Sun!
Different their bulk, their distance and career,
And different much the compass of their year;
Yet all the same eternal laws obey,
While God's unerring finger points the way!

OF all the sciences, astronomy is the most sublime. It treats of the works of nature in their most stupendous extent. It has a reference to the perfections of the Deity. By his power, wisdom, and goodness, all things were formed.

The SUN, an immense body of fire and light, is fixed in the centre of the system,

whilst the planets revolve around him. He is upwards of 1,000,000 times as large as our earth, and intended to give light, heat, and vegetation, to nine primary, and at least fifteen secondary worlds. By spots on his disk, he is discovered to turn on his axis in about 25 of our days.

MERCURY is the first planet in the order of the system.—It is computed to be about 37,000,000 of miles distant from the sun, and to move at the rate of 105,000 miles an hour, completing its orbit in about 88 of our days, or a little less than three months, which is the length of its year. It is not much larger than the moon, being about 3,200 miles in diameter.

VENUS is the second planet from the sun, remarkable for its brightness; it is computed to be 68,000,000 of miles from it, and to move round it at the rate of 76,000 miles an hour, completing its annual revolution in 224 days, 17 hours, or above 7½ months. Its diameter is 7,700 miles, and its diurnal revolution is performed in 23 hours, 22 minutes.

Our EARTH is the third planet in the order of our system. Its diameter is 7,970 miles, and it turns round on its axis in the course of a day. Its distance from the sun is 95,000,000 of miles, and it moves at the rate of 58,000 miles in an hour, completing

its orbit in the course of a year. The earth has one moon or Satellite at the distance of about 240,000 miles from it, which revolves around the Earth in 27 days, 7 hours, and 43 minutes.

MARS is the fourth planet from the sun, from which it is distant about 144,000,000 of miles. It moves at the rate of 55,000 miles an hour, and completes its orbit in a little less than two of our years. Its diameter is 4,200 miles, and its rotation on its axis is performed in about 24 hours and 39 minutes.

CERES FERDINANDEA is the fifth planet from the sun. Its diameter is 160 miles, and its distance from the sun is 260,000,000 of miles.

PALLAS is the sixth planet in the order of the system. Its distance from the sun is 266,000,000 of miles, and its diameter 80 miles.

JUPITER is the seventh planet in the order of our system, and the largest that has yet been discovered, being nearly a thousand times as large as our earth. He is computed to be about 490,000,000 of miles from the sun, to go at the rate of 29,000 miles an hour, and to be 89,000 miles in diameter. He finishes his annual period in eleven of our years, 314 days and 12 hours; and turns round his axis in 9 hours, 56 minutes; so

that his year contains 10,470 days. He has four moons or attendants.

SATURN is the eighth planet from the sun, and is about 900,000,000 of miles distant from it; it is carried along its orbit at the rate of 22,000 miles an hour, which it completes in 29½ of our years. Its diameter is computed to be 79,000 miles; its rotation on its axis has been discovered by Herschel to be completed in about ten hours and a quarter. It has seven Moons, and a stupendous Ring surrounding its body, the nature of which astronomers have not yet ascertained.

GEORGIUM SIDUS is the ninth planet in the order of our system, and at the immense distance of 1,800,000,000 miles, creeps round its orbit in 82⅓ years. It is ninety times as large as the earth, and has three Moons or Attendants.

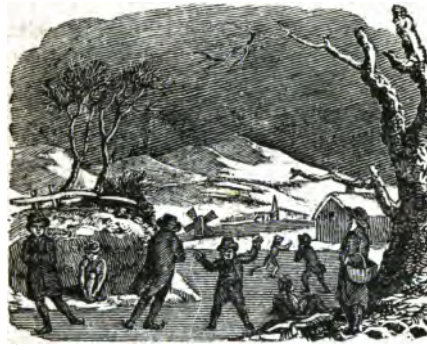
COMETS are bodies which, in various and vastly eccentric orbits, revolve about the sun in different situations, and periods of time.

The FIXED STARS, known by their never varying their situations in the heavens, also, by their twinkling, are supposed by astronomers to be suns to other systems, with planets revolving round them like our sun.

THE

CABINET OF NATURE,

FOR THE YEAR.



JANUARY.

Stern Winter's icy breath, intensely keen,
Now chills the blood and withers every green;
Bright shines the azure sky, serenely fair;
Or driving snows obscure the turbid air."

ON the first of this month, we, in common with most civilized nations, date the commencement of the year.

In the month of January, the weather in these islands is commonly, either a clear dry frost, or fog and snow, occasionally intermingled with rain. Nothing can be

more wonderful than the effects of frost, which in the space of a few hours, arrests the running stream in its course, and converts the lake, that was curled by every breeze, into a firm plain. Water, when frozen, is expanded; that is, it takes up more room than before. This property of frost produces a beneficial effect to the farmer: for the hard clods of the ploughed fields are loosened and broken to pieces by the swelling of the water within them when it freezes, and thus the earth is prepared for receiving the seed in the spring; while,

"———The frost concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year."

Numerous natural phenomena are produced by frost. The water of clouds freezing slowly and crystalizing in little icy darts or stars, form by their assemblage the beautiful flakes of snow. Hailstones are drops of rain suddenly congealed by frost into a hard mass, so as to preserve their figure. When dew or mist freezes, as it frequently does, on every object on which it falls, it becomes hoar frost, producing figures of incomparable beauty and elegance.

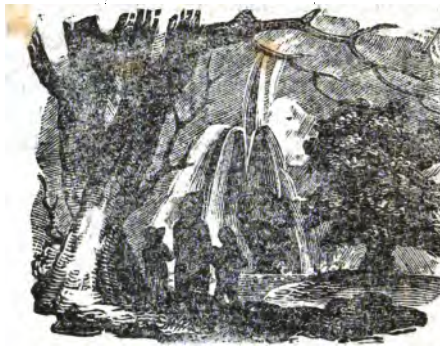
As the cold of this inclement season advances, the birds collect in flocks, and, rendered bold by want, approach the habitations

of man. The wild quadrupeds are also driven from their accustomed haunts; hares enter the gardens to browse on cultivated vegetables, and hen-roosts are pillaged by foxes, polecats, and other small beasts of prey.

The domestic cattle now require all the care and protection of man.

"Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict; for, from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms.

Plants at this season are defended by nature from the effects of cold. Those called herbaceous, which die down to the root every autumn, are safely concealed under ground; and the shrubs and trees, that are exposed to the open air, have all their soft and tender parts closely wrapped up in buds, which, by their texture, resist the effects of frost, and are hence aptly termed the winter quarters of the young shoots.—— How admirable is the economy of nature!



FEBRUARY.

"Now shifting gales with milder influence blow;
Cloud o'er the skies and melt the falling snow;
The soften'd soil with fertile moisture teems,
And, freed from icy bonds, down rush the swelling streams."

THE earlier part of this month may be still reckoned winter, though the days are sensibly lengthened, and the sun has power enough gradually to melt away the snow and ice. Sometimes a sudden thaw comes on, which at once dissolves the snow. Torrents of water then descend from the hills; every little brook and rill is swelled to a large

stream; and the ice is swept away with great violence from the rivers. The frost, however, returns for a time, fresh snows fall, and the weather alternately changes during most part of the month.

Various signs of returning spring occur at different times in this month. The wood-lark, one of the earliest and sweetest of our songsters, frequently commences it with his wild note. Not long after, rooks and partridges begin to pair, and geese to lay. The thrush and chaffinch then add to the early music of the groves, and the white wagtail appears.

Moles now to go work, in throwing up their hillocks, as soon as the earth is softened; under some of the largest of which they make their nests of moss, and have four or five young ones at a time. As they live on worms, insects, and the roots of plants, they do much mischief in gardens, by loosening and devouring flower-roots.

Many plants emerge from under ground in this month, but few flowers yet adorn the fields or gardens. Snow-drops in general are fully blown from the beginning of the month, often peeping from the midst of the snow.

"Already now the snow drop dares appear,
The first pale blossom of the unripen'd year;
As Flora's* breath, by some transforming power,
Had chang'd an icicle into a flower:
Its name and hue the senseless plant retains,
And winter lingers in its icy veins."

The flower-buds of the elder tree now begin to open; the catkins of the hazel become conspicuous in the hedges; and leaves begin to disclose themselves on the gooseberry and currant bushes.

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* An imaginary deity of the Heathens, who was said to preside over flowers. They had, in their mythology, many Gods and Goddesses; such as Mars, the god of wars; Neptune, the god of the sea; Eolus, of the wind; Vulcan, of fire; Ceres, of harvests; Pomona, of orchards; Bacchus, of wine; Pluto, of the infernal regions; Venus, of beauty; and Cupid, of love, &c. Agreeably to the scriptures of truth there are that are called Gods many, and Lords many, yet there is but one living and true God; and the children of Israel, in the law, were forbidden even to mention the name of other Gods, or to let it be heard out of their mouth; and surely it is a great pity, that in an enlightened age, among professing Christians, so free use is made of those ridiculous heathen deities, and it is much to be regretted that so many, otherwise valuable writings, especially poetry, are tarnished with their names. Why this predilection for those abominations of the heathens, and their long exploded ideas, that our writings, our prints, paintings, and our statuary should so much abound with those impious follies of darker ages?

The farmer, as soon as the ground is sufficiently thawed, ploughs and fallows; sows beans and peas, and rye and spring wheat.

"Joyous th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-used plough,
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost;
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark;
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share,
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe;
While through the neighbouring field the sower stalks,
With measur'd step, and lib'ral throws the grain,
Into the fruitful bosom of the ground."

The husbandman, also, at this season, sets his early potatoes; drains his wet land; dresses and repairs his hedges; lops his trees, and plants those kinds which love a wet soil, as poplars and willows; and, with

"——Fancy fir'd, anticipates their growth."

food is the sweet juice to be found in the nectaries of flowers, their coming abroad is a certain proof that flowers are now to be met with.

The gardens are now adorned with the yellow and purple crocus ; and, towards the end of the month, primroses peep out beneath the hedges, while the fragrant violet discovers itself by the perfume it imparts to the surrounding air.

During this month, the nectarine, the almond, apricot, and cherry trees, come in full bud ; the sallow enlivens the hedges with its catkins full of yellow dust ; and the leaves of the honeysuckle are nearly expanded.

In the latter part of the month of March, the equinox happens, when day and night are of an equal length all over the world. This takes place again in September. The former is called the vernal, the latter the autumnal equinox.

APRIL.

" The blackbird, woodlark, and the thrush,
Unite with those of feebler voice ;
Whose chaunts resound from bush to bush,
To rouse all nature to rejoice.

" Whilst nature seems to hear the sound,
Flowers, herbs, shrubs, trees, put forth their heads,
To ask, what have you, warblers, found,
To make you sing ? is winter fled ?

" Sweet yes ;" the nightingale replies,
" For I'm the harbinger of spring ;
" And to confirm the same," she cries,
" Hark ! dont you hear the cuckoo sing ?"

THIS month is proverbial for a mixture of bright and gloomy weather. The pleasantness of its sunshiny days, with the delightful view of bursting blossoms and newly opening flowers, is unequalled ; but they are frequently overcast with clouds, and

chilled by cold winds. It generally begins with raw unpleasant weather, but its warm gleams of sunshine and gentle showers have the most powerful effect in hastening that universal springing of the vegetable tribes, whence the season of Spring derives its name.

Early in this month, that welcome harbinger of summer, the swallow returns. The chimney or house swallow lives on insects: its appearance is a certain proof that some of this minute tribe of animals are come abroad from their winter retreats.

Shortly after the arrival of the swallow, the nightingale, that most enchanting of songsters, is heard; and the groves now resound with the various melody of the birds, while they are busied in pairing, and building their nests, in which they exhibit the most admirable instinctive peculiarities.

——"Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn,
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few;
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests:
Others apart, far in the grassy dale
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave,
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fixed."

Another of the most striking events of this month, and a circumstance which has commanded the attention of all countries, is the renewal of the note of the cuckoo, which is generally heard about the middle of April; and whose arrival is regularly preceded some days by that of the wryneck, a small bird, singular in its attitudes and plumage, and which has a peculiar note or cry, easily distinguished when once heard.

The redstart, whitethroat, and yellow wagtail, seen among us only in the warmer months, now make their appearance.

A number of plants flower this month, and, with the blossoms of fruit-bearing trees and shrubs, form a very agreeable spectacle, as well on account of their beauty as of the promise they give of future benefits.

——————"Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than, lib'ral, thence
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
Full of fresh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of nature wide and wild,
Where, undisguis'd by mimic art she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye."

MAY.

" Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May, thy radiant form unfold :
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

" Warm with new life the glitt'ring throng,
On quiv'ring fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive songs,
And hail the goddess of the Spring."*

MAY has ever been the favourite month of poetic description, as uniting all the gift beauties of Spring with the radiance of Summer; but this must be in more southern climes than ours ; for, with us, great part of the month is yet too chill for a perfect enjoyment of the charms of nature, and abounds with chilling blights and nipping winds.

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* See note, page 14.

"The blast that riots on the Spring's increase."

The month of May is, however, on the whole, even in this country, profuse of beauties; the earth is covered with the fresh green of the grass and young corn, and adorned with flowers opening on every side. The trees put on their leafy verdure; the hedges are rich with the fragrant bloom of the hawthorn, and the orchards display the delicate blush of the apple-blossoms.

The leafing of trees is completed in this month, beginning with the willow, poplar, and alder, and ending with the oak, beach, and ash.

The affection of the birds is also at this season highly admirable, while they hatch and rear their young; for while the patient and assiduous hen sits on her eggs, the sympathizing male takes his stand on a neighbouring bough, and to cheer her,

——————Ceaseless sings
The tedious time away."

Now are added to the insect tribes already on the wing, the great white butterfly, May-chaffer, horse-fly, moths and butterflies.

Towards the end of this month, bee-hives send forth their earlier swarms. They consist of young ones grown too numerous to

remain in their parent habitation, and sufficiently strong and vigorous to provide for themselves. One queen bee is necessary to form each colony: and wherever she flies the rest follow. Nature directs them to march in a body in quest of a new settlement, which, if left to their choice, would generally be some trunk of a tree; but man, who converts the labours and instincts of so many animals to his own use, provides them with a more secure dwelling, and repays himself with their honey.

The glow-worm shines at this period; the females of which are without wings and luminous, the males vice versa. They extinguish their lamps, or cease to glow, between eleven and twelve at night.

The cattle are now turned out to the pastures, milk becomes more copious, and the process of cheese-making goes on in Cheshire, Wiltshire, Gloucester, &c.

This is a busy season to the farmer. He now weeds his crops, and looks forward to the reward of his industry and toil in the approaching season.

"Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborous man
Has done his part."

JUNE.

"Now genial suns and gentle breezes reign,
And summer's fairest splendours deck the plain;
Exulting Flora* views her new born rose,
And all the ground with short lived beauty glows!"

JUNE is in this climate what the poets represent May to be, a most lovely month. Summer has commenced, and warm weather is established; yet the heats rarely rise to excess; and the trees and flowers, now in all their beauty, are frequently refreshed by copious showers.

One of the earliest rural employments of this month is the shearing of sheep; a business of much importance and rustic mirth, as,

* See note, page 14.

———" rang'd in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay drest maids attending round.
One chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet beaming, on her shepherd king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth; and wit that knows no gall."

England for many ages has been celebrated for its breed of sheep; which yield wool of various qualities, suited to different branches of woollen manufacture. The fine short fleeces of the Dorsetshire breed are employed in making the best broad cloths; while the coarser wool of Yorkshire, and the northern countries, is used in the narrow cloths; and the long thick flakes, proper for the hosiery use, are yielded by the Leicestershire and Lincolnshire breeds of this useful animal.

We are now regaled by the fragrance of clover, and the blossom of the bean.

Hedges are now in their highest beauty and fragrance. The place of the hawthorn is supplied by the flowers of the hip or dog-rose: while the woodbine, or honey-suckle begins to blow, and unites with the rose to form a beautiful variety of colours, and a rich perfume.

The several species of corn come in ear and flower this month; as do likewise nu-

merous species of grass. Seeds that are worth the labour of separating are called *corn*, the article of food to all nations. In Europe, wheat, rye, barley, and oats are made use of for that purpose. In Asia, rice, in Africa and America, maize or Indian corn. The smaller kinds of this family are called *grasses*, which are valuable for their leaves or stalks, or herbage, which are the principal food for all domestic cattle. This cut down and dried, is *hay*, the winter provision of cattle in all the temperate and northern climes.

In the latter part of this month, the hay harvest begins, in the southern and middle parts of the kingdom. It is one of the most busy and agreeable rural occupations:

"Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead;"

and all sexes and ages hasten to the field;

"E'en stooping age is here; and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll,
——While, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blendid voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee."

In this month appear the grasshopper, green beetle, angler's May-fly, the formidable gad fly, &c. The angler's May-fly is most short lived; emerging from the water in its *aurelia* state at six in the evening, and dying at eleven; they appear about the

fourth of this month, and continue a fortnight.

Now gooseberries, currants, and strawberries begin to ripen. Birds cease their notes, except the stone curley, yellow hammer, goldfinch, and golden crested-wren, now and then chirping. The cuckoo also ceases. It is amusing now, an hour before sun-set, to see the *barn owl* in search of field mice, and bringing one to its nest every five minutes; and the *fern-owl*, feeding on the fern chaffer, another interesting nocturnal bird.

On the 21st of this month is the *summer solstice*, or longest day; when the splendid sun,

"Shoots full perfection through the swelling year."

JULY.

" Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose ;
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharp'ning scythe ; the mower, sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd."

AS January is the coldest, so July is the hotest month in the year ; for though the sun diminishes, yet the air and earth still remain heated.

The effects of this weather upon the face of nature soon become manifest. All the flowers of the former month lose their beauty, and the whole plant hastens to decay. The animal creation, oppressed with languor from the heat, seek either the woods for shade, or the water for refreshment.

The insect tribe are now active and vigorous, having a short time to live. Insects undergo three changes, in each of which they have a totally different appearance. 1. From the egg into *maggots;* this is their state in spring. 2. Next they turn into *aureliæ* or *chrysales*, like an infant wrapped up in swaddling clothes. 3. They then burst into the *perfect insect*, shining in all its colours, furnished with wings, and endowed with surprising activity. Shortly after this final period they die.

Man now seeks the cooling shade; and bathing,

> ———" the purest exercise of health,
> The kind refresher of the summer sun,"

is at this season a delightful amusement.

The excessive heat of this period occasions great evaporations of the earth and waters, which gather into clouds, break and pour down copious showers: and,

> ———" in explosion vast,
> The thunder raises his tremendous voice;
> From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage."

The lightning is electric fire from the heated air and earth, bursting through the atmosphere; the thunder is the noise of this explosion, and therefore always follows the flash, the sound to the ear travelling slower

than the light to the eyes. Thunder, of itself is entirely harmless.

The effects of the great heat on the human body are agreeably allayed by the various wholesome fruits which Providence offers at this season for the use of man.—Those which are now ripe are the most cooling and refreshing; as, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, and cherries; and these, from their salutary qualities at this period, vie with the richest products of the east.

Potatoes and hops flower in this month. The jessamines and white lily now ornament the garden. Mushrooms appear. Frogs migrate from ponds. Hoary beetles appear. Bees kill and expel the drones.

Ants, for frugality, foresight, and industry proverbial, quit their nest to found new colonies. Ants are divided into males, females and neuters. The neuters are the labourers without wings; males and females have wings. An ant hill is a large vaulted chamber, and has three or four passages to it. In the centre of it is the old one, and the young worms and eggs ranged round. When opened in the winter, the labourers are in torpor. They lay up no provision. They prey upon beetles, caterpillars, dead mice, rats, frogs, and juices from leaves and

fruits; and when they meet with more than they can carry, they return to fetch their comrades to help them.

In this month the poultry moult. Young partridges are found among the corn, and the first broods of swallows and martins congregate.

The farmer now gets home the products of the earth, particularly hay.

Hemp and flax are pulled in this month. These plants are cultivated in various parts of Europe, more than in England. The stalks of both are full of tough fibres or string, which, separated and prepared in a particular manner, become fit for spinning into thread. Of flax, linen is made, from the finest cambric to the coarsest canvass. Hemp is chiefly used for coarse cloth; it is also twisted into ropes and cables.

In the southern parts of our island, the corn harvest begins; and,

"Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array."

AUGUST.

"Fair Plenty now begins her golden reign,
The yellow fields thick wave with ripen'd grain,
Joyous the swains begin their sultry toils,
And bear in triumph home the harvest's wealthy spoils."

THIS month generally commences with hot, but calm and fair weather, and the powerful influence of the sun is daily advancing to maturity the fruits of the earth.

The farmer now sees the principal object of his culture, and the chief source of his riches, waiting only for the hand of the gatherer. Rye and oats are usually first ripe; but these vary, and depend on the time of sowing. Sometimes, all kinds of grain are fit for cutting at the same time.

Now a fair day is of the greatest im
tance to the farmer; for when the co
once ripe, it is liable to continual da
when standing, from the depredations o
birds, or the shedding of the seeds by suc
storms. The utmost diligence is, there
used by the careful husbandman, and la
ers are hired from all quarters to haste
work.

The harvest scene, on an extended
of waving corn, with the labourers busie
their toil, presents a prospect equally
lightful to the eye and the heart, and oug
to inspire benevolence to man and gratitu
to God.

The rural festival of harvest home* is ex
extremely natural, and has been observed i
all ages and countries: it is equally pleasin
both to master and servant; for,

"Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase;"

while the jovial harvest supper cheers the
heart of the poor labourer, and prepares him
to begin, without murmuring, the labours of
another year.

* The blessings of harvest, bountifully bestowed by the Great Parent of the Universe, ought to excite our gratitude, and cause us, with thankful hearts, to rejoice, but not to give loose to unbecoming jollity.

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SEPTEMBER.

" Now soften'd suns a mellow lustre shed,
The laden orchards glow with tempting red;
On hazel boughs the clusters hang embrown'd,
And with the sportman's war the new shorn fields resound."

ALTHOUGH this month possesses the distinguishing softness and serenity of autumn, yet the days are sensibly shortened, and the mornings and evenings are chilly and damp; and the various temperature of the weather occasions unhealthiness.

Partridge shooting commences on the 14th of this month. Partridges feed on grain and seeds scratched up; therefore, they live chiefly on the ground, making much use of their legs, and little of their wings. They pair early in the spring, the hen sitting twen-

ty-two days, and the young coming forth full feathered like chickens. When the young ones are attacked, the old ones exhibit wonderful instances of attachment, and even feign being wounded, to draw off the pursuers from the nest. They retire to the groves in the day time, to the open stubble in the night; and when man begins his

"Falsely cheerful, barbarous game of death,"

he obliges them, by pointers, to take wing for the purpose of shooting them, or encloses them in a net, when they remain on the ground; and it is highly admirable to observe,

"How, in his mid career, the spaniel, struck
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretch'd and finely sensible, draws full,
Fearful and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye."

The labours of the husbandman have but a short intermission; for no sooner is the harvest gathered in, but the fields are again ploughed up and prepared for the winter corn, rye and wheat, which are sown during this month and the next.

Arrivals of the herrings afford a harvest to the inhabitants of the eastern and western coast of the island. Herrings make

their winter rendezvous within the arctic circle, and put themselves in motion in the spring, that they may deposit their spawn in warmer latitudes. The grand shoal does not appear till June. It is so large that it is divided into columns of five or six miles in length, and three or four in breadth, sinking and rising in the ocean, and exhibiting, in bright weather the most beautiful resplendency of colours.

At the end of this month, the common swallow disappears, and the field-fare and red-wing return from more northerly countries, to spend the winter with us. The wood-lark, thrush, and black-bird, commence their autumnal music, and the hoot of the wood-owl, and clamour of the stone curley, is heard.

In this month, the snake casts his skin, parting, by rolling itself in the grass, with its whole external covering; even the outer coat of the eyes scales off, and is left in the head of the slough, like a pair of spectacles.

Apples are now gathered for cider-making, which in Worcestershire, Somersetshire, and Devonshire, constitutes a busy and important employment. The fermented juice of apples is called cider, or apple wine; that of pears perry.

Hazle nuts are also gathered in our thick-

ets and gardens, in this month. The oak sheds its acorns, and the nuts fall from the beech, both of which are called mast.

The autumnal equinox, when the day and night are again equal over the whole globe, happens about the 23d of this month, and is often attended with heavy storms of wind and rain, which throw down much of the fruit yet remaining on the trees.

At the end of this month, the leaves of many trees lose their green colour, and begin their grave autumnal tints, indicative of the approaching desolation of winter, which

"——— comes to rule the varied year;
Sullen and sad, with all her rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms."

OCTOBER.

"The fading many-colour'd wood,
Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark."

THE chief business of nature at this season, with respect to the vegetable world, is dissemination. Plants having gone through the stages of springing, flowering, and seeding, and brought to maturity the rudiments of a future progeny, the seeds are now to be deposited in the fostering bosom of the earth. This being done, the parent vegetable, if of the herbaceous kind, either totally perishes, or dies down to the root; if a tree or shrub, its loses all its tender parts, which

the spring and summer had put forth. Seeds are scattered by the hand of nature in various manners; some are dispersed by the wind, some carried by the birds, and some by an elastic spring are thrown abroad.

The gloom of the declining year, enlivened by the rich and bright colours of fading leaves,

"Now cheers the landscape in decay;"

which, to some, is more interesting than the blossoms of spring, or the radiance and verdure of summer. Ripened berries in a great variety also, at this season, adorn the hedges and decorate the groves; as the hip, the haw, the sloe, the blackberry, &c.

The common martin, whose nests, hung under the eaves of our houses, afford so agreeable a spectacle of parental fondness, usually disappears in this month; likewise the sand-martin. The royston, or hooded-crow, bred in the north, now migrates to the southern districts. Woodcocks begin to appear, and water-fowl arise from their arctic summer residence to winter on the shores of Britain.

The ground is now covered with spiders, the weaving gossamer: and the cold air condensing the vapour arising from the warm earth, causeth thick and frequent fogs.

This month is the height of the hunting season; the weather being suitable, and the products of the earth housed,

"All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough, bristly stubbles range unblam'd;
No widow's tears o'erflow; no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips,
Trembling, conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd:
But courteous now, he levels ev'ry fence,
Joins in the ceremony, and hallows loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field."*

In the wine countries of Europe, the vintage now takes place.

This month, on account of its mild temperature, is chosen for brewing malt liquor designed for long keeping, therefore called old October.

The decoy business now begins in the marsh lands of Lincolnshire, and supplies the London market with ducks, teals and wigeons. From ten of these decoys or pools, have been sent to the metropolis in a single season, 31,200 ducks, &c.

The farmer continues to sow his corn

* To hunt and destroy noxious animals, is, doubtless, proper; and to take those that are necessary for food; but if men were to give place to the refined sensibility of which human nature is capable, and which religion inspires, hunting and killing even the dumb creation, would not be attended with those charms that are attributed to the chase, but it would be pursued as a matter of necessity, and not of pleasure.

during this month, but not wheat till the end of it. Acorns are also now sown, and forest trees planted.

A few flowers still cheer the eye; and there is a second blow of some kinds, particularly of the woodbine; but the scent of all these late flowers is very faint.

The green-house is at this period in high perfection, and forms a beautiful contrast with the nakedness of the fields and gardens.

NOVEMBER.

"The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day:
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog,
And rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round."

THE preceding month was marked by the change, and this is distinguished by the fall of the leaf; hence this declining season of the year is in common language, most expressively denominated the Fall. There is something extremely melancholy in this gradual process, by which the trees are stripped of all their beauty, and left monuments of decay and desolation. This gradual death of vegetable nature, and quick

succession of springing and falling leaves, suggests to the reflecting mind an apt comparison for the fugitive generations of men;

" Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise;
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish *these* when *those* are passed away!"

The loss of verdure, together with the shortened days, the diminished warmth, and frequent rains, justify the title of the gloomy month of November; and other animals seem to sympathize with man in feeling it as such. Intervals of clear and pleasant weather, however, frequently occur; and it long continues,

" The pale descending year, yet pleasing still!"

In fair weather, the mornings are somewhat frosty; but the hoar-frost, or thin ice, vanishes before the rising sun.

Sudden storms of wind and rain strip the trees of their faded leaves, and reduce them to their state of winter nakedness. One of the first trees that become naked is the walnut; and then succeeds the mulberry, horse chesnut, sycamore, lime, and ash. The beech and oak are the latest deciduous forest trees in casting their leaves; and apple and peach trees remain often green to the latter end of this month.

Flocks of wood-pigeons, or stock doves, the latest in their arrival of the winter birds of passage, visit us about the middle of this month.

Salmon now begin to ascend the rivers to spawn; and exhibit surprising force and agility in leaping over cataracts and other obstacles that prevent their ascent.

The farmer endeavours to finish his ploughing in the course of this month; then laying up his utensils till the ensuing spring, he takes his cattle and horses out of the exhausted pastures into the yard or stable; puts his hogs up to fatten; turns his sheep into the turnip field, or, in stormy weather, feeds them with hay at the rick; and then when

"The western sun withdraws his shorten'd day,
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky;
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapour throws,"

he seeks the cheerful fire-side, and even gloomy November has it charms.

DECEMBER.

" No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call,
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone red-breast on the moss grown wall."

THE changes which take place in the face of nature during this month, are little more than so many advances in the progress towards universal gloom and desolation. The day rapidly shortens, and vapours, clouds, and storms, form almost the only vicissitudes of weather in this climate : however, no great and continued severity of cold usually takes place before the close of the month.

Several of the wild quadrupeds and amphibious animals now retire to their winter

quarters, which they seldom quit till the return of spring. Some lay up no stores of provisions, and, therefore, become entirely torpid, till the warm weather restores them, and their food along with them. This is the case with the frog, lizard, badger, hedgehog, and bat, all of whom feed on insects or vegetables.

Dormice lie torpid the greatest part of the winter, though they lay up stores of food. A warm day sometimes revives them; when they eat a little, but soon relapse into their former sleepy condition.

Squirrels, water-rats, and field-mice, provide large stores of provisions against winter, but though they probably sleep more at this season than in summer, are not known to become torpid.

The only vegetables now flourishing are mosses and lichens, or liver-wort. Lichens cover the ditch banks and other neglected spots, with a leather-like substance, which in some countries, serves as food both to men and cattle. The rein-deer lichen is the greatest treasure of the poor Laplanders, who depend upon it for the support of their only species of domestic cattle during their tedious winters.

On the 21st of Decem[illegible] the winter solstice, or shortest day, the sun being some-

thing less than eight hours above the horizon, even in the southern parts of this island. A few degrees to the northward of these islands, the sun does not rise at all, and a continued night lasts weeks or months, according to the distance from the north pole. But on the contrary, to the countries near the south pole, it is at this period perpetual day; and every where to the south of the equator it is summer. As our summer advances, their winter approaches.

The Festival of Christmas* seasonably cheers the comfortless period. Great preparations are made for it in the country, and plenty of rustic dainties provided for its celebration, according to the rules of ancient hospitality; and,

"———Frequent in the sounding hall they wake
The rural gambol."

Thus the old year steals away unlamented, and scarcely perceived; and a new one

* This day is observed as a holy day, by most of the professors of christianity, in commemoration of the birth of Christ, the Saviour of poor fallen man; but, alas! much to be lamented is it, and to the great discredit of christian professors, there appears to be more wickedness committed on this than any other day in the year.

begins, with lengthening days and brighter skies, inspiring fresh hopes and pleasing expectations, that

> " All this uniform uncoloured scene
> Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
> And flush into variety again."

FINIS.

THE

PILGRIMS,

AND

PARLEY THE PORTER:

TWO

Allegories.

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THE

PILGRIMS.

METHOUGHT I was once upon a time travelling through a certain land which was very full of people, but, what was rather strange, not one of all this multitude was at home; they were all bound to a far country. Though it was permitted by the lord of the land, that these Pilgrims might associate together for their present mutual comfort and convenience; and each was not only allowed, but commanded to do to the others all the services he could upon their journey, yet it was decreed, that every individual traveller must enter the far country singly. There was a great gulf at the end of the journey, which every one must pass alone, and at his own risk, and the friendship of the whole united world could be of no use in passing that gulf. The exact time when each was to pass was not known to any; this the lord kept a close secret, out of kindness, yet still they were as sure that the time must come, and that at no very great distance, as if they were informed of the very moment.

Now, as they knew they were always liable to be called away at an hour's notice, one would think they would have been chiefly employed in packing up, and preparing, and getting every thing in order. Not they, indeed. It was almost the only thing which they did not think about.

Now, I only appeal to you, my readers, if any of you are setting out upon a little common journey, if it is only to Boston or Philadelphia, is not all your leisure time employed in settling your business at home, and packing up every little necessary for your expedition? And does not the fear of neglecting any thing you ought to remember, or may have occasion for, haunt your mind, and sometimes even intrude upon you unseasonably? And when you are actually on your journey, especially if you have never been at that place before, or are likely to remain there, do not you begin to think a little about the pleasures and the employment of the place, and to wish to know a little what sort of a city you are going to? Do not you wish to know what is doing there, and whether you are properly qualified for the business or the company you expect to be engaged in? Do you never look at the map, or consult the Gazetteer? And do not you try to pick up from your fellow passengers as you travel on the way in the stage, any little information you can get? And though you be obliged, out of civility, to converse with them on common subjects, yet do not your secret thoughts still run upon the place to which you are bound, its business, or its

pleasures? And above all, if you are likely to set out early, are you not afraid of oversleeping, and does not that fear keep you upon the watch, so that you are commonly up and ready before the porter comes to summon you? Reader, if this be your case, how surprised will you be to hear that the Travellers to the far country have not half your prudence, though bound on a journey of infinitely more importance, to a land where nothing can be sent after them, and in which, when they are once settled, all errors are irretrievable.

I observed that these pilgrims, instead of being upon the watch, lest they should be ordered off unprepared, instead of laying up any provision, or even making memorandums of what they would be likely to want, spent most of their time in crowds, either in the way of traffic or diversion. At first, when I saw them so much engaged in conversing with each other, I thought it a good sign, and listened attentively to their talk, not doubting but the chief turn of it would be about the climate, or treasures, or society they should probably meet with in the far country. I supposed they might also be inquring after the best and safest road to it, and that each was availing himself of the knowledge of his neighbour, on a subject of equal importance to all. I listened to every party, but in scarcely any did I hear one word about the land to which they were bound, though it was their home, where their whole interest, expectation, and inheritance lay; to which also great part of their friends were gone before, and whith-

er they were sure all the rest would follow. Their whole talk was about the business or the pleasures, or the fashions, of the strange country which they were merely passing through, and in which they had not one foot of land which they were sure of calling their own for the next quarter of an hour. What little estate they had was personal and not real, and that was a mortgaged, life-hold tenement of clay, not properly their own, but only lent to them on a short, uncertain lease, of which threescore years and ten was considered as the longest period, and very few indeed lived in it to the end of the term; for this was always at the will of the lord, part of whose prerogative it was, that he could take away the lease at pleasure, knock down the stoutest tenement at a single blow, and turn out the poor, shivering, helpless tenant naked, to that far country for which he had made no provision.

Sometimes, in order to quicken the pilgrim in his preparations, the lord would break down the tenement by slow degrees, sometimes he would let it tumble by its own natural decay, for as it was only built to last a certain term, it would sometimes grow so uncomfortable by increasing dilapidations, even before the ordinary lease was out, that the lodging was hardly worth keeping, though the tenant could seldom be persuaded to think so, but clung to it to the last.

First, the thatch on the top of the tenement changed colour,

Then it fell off, and left the roof bare,

then, "the grinders ceased, because they were few;"

Then the windows became so darkened that the owner could scarcely see through them ;

Then one prop fell away, then another, then the uprights became bent,

and the whole fabric trembled and tottered, with every other symptom of a falling house. On some occasions the lord ordered his messengers, of which he had a great variety, to batter, injure, deface, and almost demolish the frail building, even while it seemed new and strong; this was what the landlord called "giving warning;" but many a tenant would not take it, and was so fond of staying where he was, even under all these inconveniencies, that at last he was cast out by ejectment, not being prevailed on to leave his dwelling in a proper manner, though one would have thought the fear of being turned out would have increased his diligence in preparing for "a better and more enduring inheritance." For though the people were only tenants at will, in these crazy tenements, yet through the goodness of the same lord, they were assured that he never turned them out of these habitations before he had

on his part provided for them a better, so that there was not such another landlord in the world; and though their present dwelling was but frail, being only slightly run up to serve the occasion, yet they might hold their future possession by a certain tenure, the words of the lord himself; which was entered into a covenant, or tittle-deed, consisting of many sheets; and because a great many good things were contained in it, a book was made that every one might get a copy. This indeed had not always been the case, because, till a few ages back, there had been a sort of monopoly in the case, and "the wise and prudent," that is, the cunning and fraudful, had hid these things from the "babes and sucklings," that is, from the low and ignorant, and many frauds had been practised, and the poor had been cheated of their right, so that not being allowed to read and judge for themselves, they had been sadly imposed upon; but all these tricks had been put an end to more than two hundred years when I passed through the country, and the meanest man who could read might then have a copy, so that he might see himself what he had to trust to, and even those who could not read, might hear it read once or twice every week at least without pay. But it surprised me to see how few comparatively made use of these vast advantages. Of those who had a copy, many laid it carelesly by, expressed a general belief in the truth of the title-deed, a general satisfaction that they should come in for a share of the inheritance, a general good opinion of the lord whose words it con-

tained, a general disposition to take his promise upon trust, always, however, intending at a convenient season to inquire further into the matter: and this neglect of theirs was construed into a forfeiture of the inheritance.

At the end of this country lay the vast gulf mentioned before; it was shadowed over by a broad and thick cloud, which prevented the pilgrims from seeing in a distinct manner what was doing behind it, yet such beams of brightness now and then darted through the cloud, as enabled those who used a telescope provided for that purpose, to see "the substance of things hoped for;" but it was not every one who could make use of this telescope; no eye indeed was naturally disposed to it; but an earnest desire of getting a glimpse of the invisible realities, gave such a strength and steadiness to the eye, as enabled it to discern many things which could not be seen to the natural sight. Above the cloud was the inscription; "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Of these last, many glorious descriptions had been given, but as those splendours were at a distance, and as the pilgrims in general did not care to use the telescope, these distant glances made little impression. The glorious inheritance which lay beyond the cloud, was called "The things above," while a multitude of trifling objects, which appeared contemptibly small when looked at through the telescope, were called "The things below."

Now as we know it is nearness which gives size and bulk to any object, it was not wonderful that these ill-judging pilgrims were more struck with these baubles and trifles, which, by lying close at hand, were visible and tempting to the naked eye, and which made up the sum of 'the things below,' than with the remote glories of 'the things above;' but this was chiefly owing to their not making use of the telescope, through which, if you examined thoroughly 'the things below,' they seemed to shrink almost down to nothing, while 'the things above' appeared the more beautiful and vast, the more the telescope was used.

But the surprising part of the story was this, not that the pilgrims were captivated at first sight with 'the things below,' for that was natural enough, but that when they had tried them all over and over, and found themselves deceived and disappointed in almost every one of them, it did not at all lessen their fondness, and they grasped at them again with the same eagerness as before. There were some gay fruits which looked alluring, but, on being opened, instead of a kernel, they were found to contain rottenness, and those which seemed the fullest often proved on trial to be quite hollow and empty. Those which were most tempting to the eye were often found to be wormwood to the taste, or poison to the stomach, and many flowers that seemed most bright and gay had a worm gnawing at the root.

Among the chief attractions of 'the things below,' were certain little lumps of yellow clay,

on which almost every eye and every heart was fixed. When I saw a variety of uses to which this clay could be converted, and the rest which was shewn to those who could scrape together the greatest number of pieces, I did not much wonder at the general desire to pick up some of them. But when I beheld the anxiety, the wakefulness, the competitions, the contrivances, the tricks, the frauds, the scuffling, the pushing, the turmoiling, the kicking, the shoving, the cheating, the circumvention, the envy, the malignity, which was excited by a desire to possess this article; when I saw the general scramble among those who had little to get much, and of those who had much to get more, then I could not help

applying to these people a proverb in use among us, "that gold may be bought too dear." Though I saw that there were various sorts of baubles which engaged the hearts of different travellers, such as an ell of red or blue ribbon, for which

some were content to forfeit their future inheritance, committing the sin of Esau without his temptation of hunger; yet the yellow clay I found was the grand object for which most hands scrambled and most souls were risked. One thing was extraordinary, that the nearer these people were to being turned out of their tenement, the fonder they grew of these pieces of clay,

so that I naturally concluded they meant to take the clay with them to the far country; but I soon learned that this clay was not current there, the lord having declared to these pilgrims, that as "they brought nothing into the world, they could carry nothing out."

I inquired of the different people who were raising the various heaps of clay, some of a larger, some of a smaller size, why they discovered such unremitting anxiety, and for whom? Some whose piles were immense, told me they were heaping up for their children; this I thought very right, till, on casting my eyes round, I observed many of the children of these very people had large heaps of their own. Others told me it was for their grand-children; but on inquiry, I found these were not yet born, and in many cases, there was little chance that they ever would be. The truth, on a close examination, proved to be, that the true genuine heapers really heaped for themselves; that it was in fact, neither for friend nor child, but to gratify an inordinate appetite of their own. Nor was I much surprised after this to see these yellow hoards at length "canker, and the rust of them become a witness against the hoarders, and eat their flesh as if it were fire."

Many, however, who had set out with a high heap of their fathers' raising, before they had gone one third of their journey, had scarcely a single piece left. As I was wondering what had caused these enormous piles to vanish in so short a time, I spied scattered up and down the country all

sorts of strange inventions, for some or other of which the vain possessors of the great heaps of clay had bartered them away, in fewer hours than the years their ancestors had spent in getting them together. O, what a strange, unaccountable medley it was! and what was ridiculous enough, I observed that the greatest quantity of the clay was always exchanged for things that were of no use, that I could discover, owing, I suppose, to my ignorance of the manners of that country.

In one place I saw large heaps exhausted in order to set two idle pampered horses a running;

But the worst part of the joke was, the horses did not run to fetch or carry any thing, but mere-

ly to let the gazers see which could run the fastest. Now this gift of swiftness, exercised to no useful purpose, was only one out of many instances of talents used to no end. In another place, I saw large piles of the clay spent to maintain long ranges of buildings full of dogs,

on provisions which would have nicely fattened some thousands of pilgrims who sadly wanted fattening, and whose ragged tenements were out at elbows, for want of a little help to repair them. Some of the piles were regularly pulled down once in seven years, in order to corrupt certain

needy pilgrims to belie their consciences. Others were spent in playing with white stiff pieces of paper painted over with red and black spots, in which I thought there must be some magic, because the very touch of these painted pasteboards made the heaps fly from one to another, and back again to the same, in a way that natural causes could not account for.

There was another proof that there must be some magic in this business, which was that if a pasteboard with red spots fell into a hand which wanted a black one, the person changed colour, his eyes flashed fire, and he discovered other symptoms of madness, which shewed there was some

witchcraft in the case. These clean little pasteboards, as harmless as they looked, had the wonderful power of pulling down the highest piles in less time than all the other causes put together. I observed many small piles were given in exchange for an enchanted liquor, which when the purchaser drank to a little excess, he lost all power of managing the rest of his heap without losing the love of it.

Now, I found it was the opinion of sober pilgrims, that either hoarding the clay, or bartering it for any such purposes as the above, was thought

exactly the same offence in the eyes of the lord, and it was expected that when they should come under his more immediate jurisdiction in the far country, the penalty annexed to hoarding and squandering would be nearly the same. While I examined the countenances of the owners of the heaps, I observed that those who I well knew never intended to make any use at all of their heaps, were far more terrified at the thought of losing it, or being torn from it, than those were who were employing it in the most useful manner. Those who best knew what to do with it, set their hearts least upon it, and were always most willing to leave it. But such riddles were common in this strange country.

Now, I wondered why these pilgrims, who were naturally made erect, with an eye formed to look up to 'the things above,' yet had their eyes almost constantly bent in the other direction; riveted to the earth, and fastened on 'the things below,' like those animals who walk on all fours. I was told they had not always been subject to this weakness of sight and proneness to earth: that they had originally been upright and beautiful, having been created after the image of the lord, who was himself the perfection of beauty: that he had placed them in a far superior situation, which he had given them in perpetuity, but that their first ancestors fell from it through pride and carelessness; that upon this the freehold was taken away, they lost their original strength, brightness, and beauty, and were driven out into this

strange country; where, however, they had every opportunity given them of recovering their health, and the lord's favour, and likeness; for they were become so disfigured, and were grown so unlike him, that you would hardly believe they were his own children, though, in some, the resemblance was become again visible. The lord, however, was so merciful, that instead of giving them up to the dreadful consequences of their own folly, as he might have done without any impeachment of his justice, he gave them immediate comfort, and promised them, that in due time, his own Son should come down, and restore them to the future inheritance, which he should purchase for them. And now it was that in order to keep up their spirits, after they had lost their estate through the folly of their ancestors, he began to give them a part of their former title-deed. He continued to send them portions of it from time to time, by different faithful servants, whom, however, these ungrateful people generally used ill, and some of whom they murdered. But for all this the lord was so forgiving, that he at length sent these mutineers a proclamation of full and free pardon by his Son, who, though they used him in a more cruel manner than they had done any of his servants, yet after having "finished the work his father had given him to do," went back into the far country to prepare a place for all them who believe in him; and there he still lives, begging and pleading for these unkind peo-

ple whom he still loves and forgives, and will restore to the purchased inheritance, on the easy terms of their being heartily sorry for what they have done, thoroughly desirous of pardon, and convinced that "He is able and willing to save to the utmost all them that come unto him."

I saw indeed that many old offenders appeared to be sorry for what they had done; that is, they did not like to be punished for it. They were willing enough to be delivered from the penalty of their sin, but they did not heartily wish to be delivered from the power of it. Many declared, in the most publick manner, once every week, that they were very sorry they had done amiss; but it was not enough to declare their sorrow ever so often, if they gave no other sign of their penitence. For there was so little truth in them, that the lord required other proofs of their sincerity beside their own word; for they often lied with their lips and dissembled with their tongue. But those who professed to be penitents, were neither allowed to raise heaps of clay, by circumventing their neighbours, nor to have great piles lying by them useless, nor must they barter them for any of those idle vanities, which reduced the heaps on a sudden: for I found that among the grand articles of future reckoning, the use they had made of the heaps would be a principal one.

I was sorry to observe many of the fairer part of these pilgrims spend too much of their heaps in adorning and beautifying their tenements of

clay, in painting, and white-washing, and enamelling them.

All these tricks, however, did not preserve them from decay, and when they grew old, they even looked worse for all this cost and varnish. Some, however, acted a more sensible part, and spent no more upon their mouldering tenements than just to keep them whole and clean, and in good repair, which is what every tenant ought to do; and I observed that those who were moderate in the care of their own tenements, were most attentive to repair and warm the ragged tenements of others. But none did this with much

zeal or acceptance, but those who had acquired a habit of overlooking 'the things below,' and also by the constant use of the telescope, had got their natural weak and dim sight so strengthened, as to be able to discern pretty distinctly the nature of 'the things above.' The habit of fixing their eyes on these glories, made all the shining trifles which composed the mass of 'things below' at last appear in their own diminutive littleness. For it was in this case particularly true, that things are only big or little by comparison; and there was no other way of making 'the things below' appear as small as they really were, but by comparing them by means of the telescope with 'the things above.' But I observed that the false judgment of the pilgrims ever kept pace with their wrong practices, for those who kept their eyes fastened on 'the things below,' were reckoned wise in their generation, while the few who looked forward to the future glories, were accounted by the bustlers or heapers, to be either fools or mad.

Well—most of these pilgrims went on in adorning their tenements, adding to their heaps, grasping 'the things below' as if they would never let them go, shutting their eyes instead of using their telescope, and neglecting their title-deed, as if it were the parchment of another man's estate, and not their own; till, one after another, each felt his tenement tumbling about his ears.—Oh! then what a busy, bustling, anxious, terrifying, distracting moment was that! What a deal of busi-

ness was to be done, and what a poor time was this to do it in! Now, to see the confusion and dismay occasioned by having left every thing to the last minute—First, some one was sent for to make over the yellow heaps to another, which the heaper now found would be of no use to himself in passing the gulf; a transfer which ought to have been made while the tenement was sound.

Then, there was a consultation of two or three masons at once, perhaps to try to patch up

the walls, and strengthen the props, and stop the decay of the tumbling tenement :

but not till the masons were forced to declare it was past repairing, (a truth they were rather too apt to keep back) did the tenant seriously think it was time to pack up, prepare, and begone.

Then, what sending for the wise men who professed to explain the title-deed!

And oh, what remorse that they had neglected to examine it, till their senses were too confused for so weighty a business! What reproaches, or what exhortations to others, to look better after their own affairs! Even to the wisest of the inhabitants, the falling of their tenements was a solemn thing; solemn, but not surprising; they had long been packing up and preparing; they praised their lord's goodness that they had been suffered to stay so long; many acknowledged the mercy of their frequent warnings, and confessed that those very dilapidations, which had made the

house uncomfortable had been a blessing, as it had stimulated them to diligent preparation for their future inheritance; had made them more earnest in examining their title to it, and had set them on such a frequent application to the telescope, that 'the things above' had seemed every day nearer and nearer. These desired not to be "unclothed, but to be clothed upon, for they knew that if their frail tabernacle was dissolved, they had an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

END OF THE PILGRIMS.

PARLEY

THE PORTER;

AN

Allegory.

Parley the Porter.

THERE was once a certain gentleman who had a house or castle, situated in the midst of a great wilderness, but enclosed in a garden. Now, there was a band of robbers in the wilderness, who had a great mind to plunder and destroy the castle, but they had not succeeded in their endeavours, because the master had given strict orders to "watch without ceasing." To quicken their vigilance, he used to tell them, that their care would soon be at an end; that though the nights they had to watch were dark and stormy, yet they were but few; the period of resistance was short, that of rest, eternal.

The robbers, however, attacked the castle in various ways. They tried at every avenue; watched to take advantage of every careless moment; looked for an open door, or a neglected window. But though they often made the bolts shake, and the windows rattle, they could never greatly hurt the house, much less get into it. Do you know the reason? It was because the servants were never off their guard. They heard

the noises plainly enough, and used to be not a little frightened, for they were aware both of the strength and perseverance of the enemy. But what seemed rather strange to some of these servants, the gentleman used to tell them, that while they continued to be afraid, they would be safe; and it passed into a sort of a proverb in that family, "happy is he that feareth always." Some of the servants, however, thought this a contradiction.

One day, when the master was going from home, he called all his servants together, and spoke to them as follows: "I will not repeat to you the directions I have so often given you; they are all written in the Book of Laws, of which every one of you has a copy. Remember, it is a very short time that you are to remain in this castle; you will soon remove to my more settled habitation, to a more durable house, not made with hands. As those houses are never exposed to any attack, so they never stand in need of any repair, for that country is never infested by any sons of violence. Here you are servants; there you will be princes. But mark my words, and you will find the same truth in the book of my laws: whether you will ever attain to that house, will depend on the manner in which you defend yourselves in this. A stout vigilance, for a short time, will secure you certain happiness forever. But every thing depends on your present exertions. Do not complain and take advantage of my absence, and call me a hard master, and grumble that you are placed

in the midst of a howling wilderness, without peace or security. Say not, that you are exposed to temptations without any power to resist them. You have some difficulties, it is true, but you have many helps and many comforts to make this house tolerable, even before you get to the other. Yours is not a hard service, and if it were, 'the time is short.' You have arms if you will use them, and doors if you will bar them, and strength if you will apply it. I would defy all the attacks of the robbers without, if I could depend on the fidelity of the people within. If the thieves ever get in and destroy the house, it must be by the connivance of one of the family. For it is a standing law of this castle, that mere outward attacks can never destroy it, if there be no traitor within. You will stand or fall as you observe this rule. If you are finally happy, it will be by my grace and favour; if you are ruined, it will be your own fault."

When the gentleman had done speaking, every servant repeated his assurance of attachment and firm allegiance to his master. But among them all, not one was so vehement and loud in his professions as old Parley the Porter. Parley, indeed, it was well known, was always talking, which exposed him to no small danger; for, as he was the foremost to promise, so he was the slackest to perform. And, to speak the truth, though he was a civil spoken fellow, his master was more afraid of him, with all his profession, than he was of the rest who professed less. He knew that Parley was vain, credulous, and self sufficient;

and he always apprehended more danger from Parley's impertinence, curiosity, and love of novelty, than even from the stronger vices of some of his other servants. The rest, indeed, seldom got into any scrape of which Parley was not the cause in some shape or other.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess, that though Parley was allowed every refreshment, and all the needful rest which the nature of his place permitted, yet he thought it very hard to be forced to be so constantly on duty. "Nothing but watching," said Parley; "I have, to be sure, many pleasures, and meat sufficient, and plenty of chat in virtue of my office; and I pick up a good deal of news of the comers and goers by day, but it is hard that at night I must watch as narrowly as a house dog, and let in no company without orders, only because there is said to be a few straggling robbers here in the wilderness, with whom my master does not care to let us be acquainted. He pretends to make us vigilant through fear of the robbers; but I suspect it is only to make us mope alone. A merry companion, and a mug of beer, would make the night pass cheerily." Parley, however, kept all these thoughts to himself, or uttered them only when no one heard, for talk he must. He began to listen to the nightly whistling of the robbers under the windows with rather less alarm than formerly, and was sometimes so tired of watching, that he thought it was even better to run the risk of being robbed once, than to live always in the fear of robbers.

There were certain bounds in which the gentleman allowed his servants to walk and divert themselves at all proper seasons. A pleasant garden surrounded the castle, and a thick hedge separated this garden from the wilderness, which was infested by the robbers, in which they were permitted to amuse themselves. The master advised them always to keep within these bounds. "While you observe this rule," said he, "you will be safe and well; and you will consult your own safety, as well as shew your love to me, by not venturing even to the extremity of your bounds; he who goes as far as he dares, always shews a wish to go farther than he ought, and commonly does so."

It was remarkable, that the nearer these servants kept to the castle, and the farther from the hedge, the more ugly the wilderness appeared. And the nearer they approached the forbidden bounds, their own home appeared more dull, and the wilderness more delightful. And this the master knew when he gave his orders; for he never either did or said any thing without a good reason. And when his servants sometimes desired an explanation of the reason, he used to tell them they would understand it when they came to the other house: for it was one of the pleasures of that house, that it would explain all the mysteries of this, and any little obscurities in the master's conduct would be then made quite plain.

Parley was the first who promised to keep clear of the hedge, and yet was often seen looking as near as he durst. One day, he ventured close

up to the hedge, put two or three stones one on another, and tried to peep over. He saw one of the robbers strolling as near as he could be on the forbidden side. This man's name was Flatterwell, a smooth, civil man, "whose words were softer than butter, having war in his heart." He made several low bows to Parley.

Now Parley knew so little of the world, that he actually concluded all robbers must have an ugly look, which whould frighten you at once, and coarse brutal manners, which would, at first sight, shew they were enemies. He thought, like a poor ignorant fellow as he was, that this mild specious person could never be one of the band. Flatterwell accosted Parley with the utmost civility, which put him quite off his guard, for Parley had no notion that he could be an enemy who was so soft and civil. For an open foe he would have been prepared. Parley, however, after a little discourse, drew this conclusion, that either Flatterwell could not be one of the gang, or that if he was, the robbers themselves could not be such monsters as his master had described, and therefore it was a folly to be afraid of them.

Flatterwell began, like a true adept in his art, by lulling all Parley's suspicions asleep, and instead of openly abusing his master, which would have opened Parley's eyes at once, he pretended rather to commend him in a general way, as a person who meant well himself, but was too apt to suspect others. To this Parley assented. The other then ventured to hint by degrees, that though

the gentleman might be a good master in the main, yet he must say he was a little strict, and a little stingy, and not a little censorious. That he was blamed by the gentlemen in the wilderness for shutting his house against good company, and his servants were laughed at by people of spirit, for submitting to the gloomy life of the castle, and the insipid pleasures of the garden, instead of ranging in the wilderness at large.

"It is true enough," said Parley, who was generally of the opinion of the person he was talking with. "My master is rather harsh and close. But to own the truth, all the barring, and locking, and bolting, is to keep out a set of gentlemen, who, he assures us, are robbers, and who are waiting for an opportunity to destroy us. I hope no offence, Sir, but by your livery, I suspect you, Sir, are one of the gang he is so much afraid of."

Flatterwell. Afraid of me? Impossible, dear Mr. Parley. You see I do not look like an enemy. I am unarmed: what harm can a plain man like me do?

Parley. Why, that is true enough. Yet my master says, that if we were once to let you into the house, we should be ruined soul and body.

Flatterwell. I am sorry, Mr. Parley, to see so sensible a man as you are so deceived. This is mere prejudice. He knows we are cheerful entertaining people, foes to gloom and superstition, and therefore he is so morose he will not let you get acquainted with us.

Parley. Well, he says you are a band of thieves, gamblers, murderers, drunkards, and atheists.

Flatterwell. Do not believe him : the worst we should do, perhaps, is, we might drink a friendly glass with you, to your master's health, or play an innocent game of cards just to keep you awake, or sing a cheerful song with the maids : now is there any harm in all this ?

Parley. Not the least in the world. And I begin to think there is not a word of truth in all my master says.

Flatterwell. The more you know us, the more you will like us. But I wish there was not this ugly hedge between us. I have a great deal to say, and I am afraid of being overheard.

Parley was now going to give a spring over the hedge, but checked himself, saying, " I dare not come on your side, there are people about, and every thing is carried to my master. Flatterwell saw by this, that his new friend was kept on his own side of the hedge by fear rather than by principle, and from that moment he entertained but little doubt of success. " Dear Mr. Parley," said he, " if you will allow me the honor of a little conversation with you, I will call under the window of your lodge this evening. I have something to tell you greatly to your advantage. I admire you exceedingly. I long for your friendship ; our whole brotherhood is ambitious of being known to so amiable a person."—" O dear," said Parley, " I shall be afraid of talking to you at night. It is so against my master's orders. But did you say you had something to tell me to my advantage ?"

Flatterwell. Yes, I can point out to you how you may be a richer, a merrier, and a happier man. If you will admit me to-night under the window, I will convince you that 'tis prejudice and not wisdom which makes your master bar his door against us; I will convince you that the mischief of a robber, as your master scurrilously calls us, is only in the name, that we are your true friends, and only mean to promote your happiness.

"Do not say we," said Parley, "pray come alone, I would not see the rest of the gang for the world, but I think there can be no great harm in talking to you through the bars, if you come alone, but I am determined not to let you in. Yet I can't say but I wish to know what you can tell me so much to my advantage; indeed, if it is for my good, I ought to know it."

Flatterwell, (going out, turns back.) Dear Mr. Parley, there is one thing I had forgotten. I cannot get over the hedge at night without assistance. You know there is a secret in the nature of that hedge; you in the house may get over to us in the widerness of your own accord, but we cannot get to your side by our own strength. You must look about to see where the hedge is thinest, and then set to work to clear away here and there a little bough for me: it will not be missed, and if there is but the smallest hole made on your side, those on ours can get through; otherwise we do but labour in vain. To this Parley made some objection, through the fear of being seen. Flatterwell replied, that the smallest hole

from within would be sufficient, for he could then work his own way. "Well," said Parley, "I will consider of it. To be sure I shall even then be equally safe in the castle, as I shall have all the bolts, bars, and locks between us, so it will make but little difference."

"Certainly not," said Flatterwell, who knew it would make all the difference in the world. So they parted with mutual protestations of regard. Parley went home charmed with his new friend. His eyes were now clearly opened as to his master's prejudices against the robbers, and he was convinced there was more in the name than in the thing. "But," said he, "though Mr. Flatterwell is certainly an agreeable companion, he may not be so safe an intimate. There can, however, be no harm in talking at a distance, and I certainly will not let him in."

Parley, in the course of the day, did not forget his promise to thin the hedge of separation a little. At first, he only tore off a handful of leaves, then a little sprig, then he broke away a bough or two. It was observable, the larger the breach became, the worse he thought of his master, and the better of himself. Every peep he took through the broken hedge increased his desire to get out into the wilderness, and made the thoughts of the castle more irksome to him.

He was continually repeating to himself, "I wonder what Mr. Flatterwell can have to say so much to my advantage. I see he does not wish to hurt my master, he only wishes to serve me."

As the hour of meeting, however, drew near, the master's orders now and then came across Parley's thoughts. So to divert them, he took the Book. He happened to open it at these words: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." For a moment his heart failed him. "If this admonition should be sent on purpose"—said he, "but no, 'tis a bugbear. My master told me that if I went to the bounds, I should get over the hedge. Now, I went to the utmost limits, and did not get over." Here conscience puts in, "Yes, but it was because you were watched."—"I am sure," continued Parley, "one may always stop where one will, and this is only a trick of my master's to spoil sport; so I will even hear what Mr. Flatterwell has to say so much to my advantage. I am not obliged to follow his counsels, but there can be no harm in hearing them."

Flatterwell prevailed on the rest of the robbers to make no publick attack on the castle that night.

"My brethren," said he, "you now and then fail in your schemes, because you are for violent beginnings, while my soothing, insinuating measures hardly ever miss. You come blustering, and roaring, and frighten people, and set them on their guard. You inspire them with terror of you, while my whole scheme is to make them think well of themselves, and ill of their master. If I once get them to entertain hard thoughts of him, and high thoughts of themselves, my business is done, and they fall plump into my snares. So let this delicate affair alone to me. Parley is

a softly fellow; he must not be frightened, but cajoled. He is the very sort of man to succeed with, and worth a hundred of your sturdy, sensible fellows. With them, we want strong arguments, and strong temptations; but with such fellows as Parley, in whom vanity and sensuality are the leading qualities (as, let me tell you, is the case with far the greater part,) flattery, and the promise of ease and pleasure, will do more than your whole battle array. If you will let me manage, I will get you all into the castle before midnight."

At night the castle was barricadoed as usual, and no one had observed the hole which Parley had made in the hedge. This oversight arose that night from the servants neglecting one of the master's standing orders,—to make a nightly examination of the state of the castle. The neglect did not proceed so much from wilful disobedience, as from having passed the evening in sloth and diversion, which often amounts to nearly the same.

As all was very cheerful within, so all was very quiet without. And before they went to bed, some of the servants observed to the rest, that as they heard no robbers that night, they thought they might soon begin to remit something of their diligence in bolting and barring. That all this fastening and locking was very troublesome, and they hoped the danger was now pretty well over. It was rather remarkable, that they never made such observations, but after an evening of some excess, and when they had neg-

lected their private business with their master. All, however, except Parley, went quietly to bed, and seemed to feel uncommon security.

Parley crept down to his lodge. He had half a mind to go to bed too: yet he was not willing to disappoint Mr. Flatterwell, so civil a gentleman. To be sure, he might have bad designs, yet what right had he to suspect any body who made such professions, and who was so very civil. Besides, "it is something for my advantage," added Parley. "I will not open the door, that is certain: but as he is to come alone, he can do me no harm through the bars of the windows; and he will think I am a coward if I do not keep my word; no, I will let him see that I am not afraid of my own strength; I will shew him I can go what length I please, and stop short when I please." Had Flatterwell heard this boastful speech, he would have been quite sure of his man.

About eleven Parley heard the signal agreed upon. It was so gentle as to cause little alarm. So much the worse. Flatterwell never frightened any one, and therefore seldom failed of any one. Parley stole softly down, planted himself at his little window, opened the casement, and spied his new friend. It was pale star-light. Parley was a little frightened, for he thought he perceived one or two persons behind Flatterwell; but the other assured him that it was only his own shadow, which his fears had magnified into a company. "Though I assure you," said he, "I have not a friend but what is as harmless as myself."

They now entered into earnest discourse, in which Flatterwell shewed himself a deep politician. He skilfully mixed up, in his conversation, a proper portion of praise on the pleasures of the wilderness, of compliments to Parley, of ridicule on his master, and of abusive sneers on the Book in which the master's laws were written. Against this last he had always a particular spite, for he considered it as the grand instrument by which the master maintained his servants in allegiance, and when they could once be brought to sneer at the book, there was an end of submission to the master. Parley had not penetration enough to see his drift. "As to the Book, Mr. Flatterwell," said he, "I do not know whether it be true or false: I rather neglect than disbelieve it. I am forced, indeed, to hear it read once a week, but I never look into it myself if I can help it."—Excellent," said Flatterwell to himself, "that is just the same thing. This is safe ground for me; for whether a man does not believe in the Book, or does not attend to it, it comes pretty much to the same, and I generally get him at last."

"Why cannot we be a little nearer, Mr. Parley?" said Flatterwell; "I am afraid of being overheard by some of your master's spies; the window from which you speak is so high; I wish you would come down to the door"—"Well," said Parley, "I see no great harm in that. There is a little wicket in the door, through which we can converse with more ease and equal safety. The same fastenings will still be be-

tween us." So down he went, but not without a degree of fear and trembling.

The little wicket being now opened, and Flatterwell standing close on the outside of the door, they conversed with great ease. "Mr. Parley," said Flatterwell, "I should not have pressed you so much to admit me into the castle, but out of pure disinterested regard to your own happiness. I shall get nothing by it, but I cannot bear to think that a person so wise and amiable should be shut up in this gloomy dungeon, under a hard master, and a slave to the unreasonable tyranny of his Book of Laws. If you admit me, you need have no more waking, no more watching. Here Parley involuntarily slipped back the bolt of the door. "To convince you of my true love," continued Flatterwell, "I have brought a bottle of the most delicious wine that grows in the wilderness. You shall taste it, but you must put a glass through the wicket to receive it, for it is a singular property in this wine, that we of the wilderness cannot succeed in conveying it to you of the castle, without you hold out a vessel to receive it."—"O, here is a glass," said Parley, holding out a large goblet, which he always kept ready to be filled by any chance comer. The other immediately poured into the capacious goblet, a large draught of that delicious intoxicating liquor with which the family of the Flatterwells have for near six thousand years gained the hearts, and destroyed the souls of all the inhabitants of the castle, whenever they have been able to prevail on them to hold out a hand to receive it.

This the wise master of the castle well knew would be the case, for he knew what was in men; he knew their propensity to receive the delicious poison of the Flatterwells, and it was for this reason that he gave them the Book of his Laws, and planted the hedge, and invented the bolts, and doubled the locks.

As soon as poor Parley had swallowed the fatal draught, it acted like enchantment. He had no sense of fear left. He at once lost all power of resistance. He despised his own safety, forgot his master, lost all sight of the house in the other country, and reached out for another draught as eagerly as Flatterwell held out the bottle to administer it. "What a fool have I been," said Parley, "to deny myself so long!" "Will you let me in?" said Flatterwell. "Ay, that I will," said the deluded Parley. Though the train was now increased to near a hundred robbers, yet so intoxicated was Parley, that he did not see one of them, except his new friend. Parley eagerly pulled down the bars, drew back the bolts, and forced open the locks, thinking he could never let in his friend soon enough. He had, however, just presence of mind enough to say, "My dear friend, I hope you are alone." Flatterwell swore he was:—Parley opened the door—In rushed, not Flatterwell only, but the whole banditti, who always lurk behind in his train. The moment they had obtained sure possession, Flatterwell changed his soft tone, and cried out in a voice of thunder, "Down with the castle; kill, burn, and destroy."

Rapine, murder, and conflagration, by turns, took place. Parley was the very first whom they attacked. He was overpowered with wounds. As he fell, he cried out, "O my master, I die a victim to my unbelief in thee, and to my own vanity and imprudence! O that the guardians of all other castles would hear me with my dying breath repeat my master's admonition, that all attacks from without will not destroy, unless there is some confederate within! O that the keepers of all other castles would learn, from my ruin, that he who parleys with temptation is already undone; that he who allows himself to go to the very bounds, will soon jump over the hedge; that he who talks out of the window with the enemy, will soon open the door to him; that he who holds out his hand for the cup of sinful flattery, loses all power of resisting; that when he opens the door to one sin, all the rest fly in upon him, and the man perishes as I now do!"

FINIS.

THE

WONDERFUL ADVANTAGES

OF

ADVENTURING

IN

THE LOTTERY.

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PREFACE.

THE following little story, is taken from a work called the Cheap Repository, first printed on the "Fast-anchored Ilse," on the other side of the Atlantic; and, although it may not be fact, yet it presents so natural a picture of the demoralizing effect of Lotteries, and of indulging a desire suddenly to amass wealth; that it is hoped it may be useful on the fixed and extensive shores of COLUMBIA, where Lotteries have become so common. It is republished for little folks; but it is to be presumed, larger folks will read it; for, it should be their duty to examine what their little ones read, to prevent them from spending their precious time with books that may injure their morals, or give them incorrect ideas of things; and it would be a happy circumstance, if the perusal of this book should induce one parent to forego setting so improper an example to his children, in this licensed mode of gambling.

When we consider the pernicious tendency of Lotteries, we are surprised at Christian Legislatures for sanctioning and creating them. Some argue, as a palliative, that it is an easy way of raising money for necessary and useful purposes, such as building bridges, endowing Colleges, &c. and that to raise money in this way is not felt so oppressively, being voluntarily contributed. But this reasoning is very partial. The State can raise money in proportion to its wealth; and it doubtless costs the community, at least double; and, if we take into the account the time spent by the makers of Lotteries, by those who buy the tickets, by insurers and insured, it is presumed, ten times the amount raised by them is thus wasted; of course, it is a means of impoverishing the State; and further, a great proportion of the burden falls on those who are least able to bear it—the ignorant poor.

But it appears to be still more inconsistent, that religious bodies should be willing to make use of this mode of raising money for religious purposes, such as building places of public worship, &c. Covetousness being the foundation of such works, it cannot be reasonably expected that a blessing will attend. Lotteries cause idleness, and encourage avarice. The state of suspense and

agitation during the drawing, is very unprofitable to the mind; and whether the ticket be drawn a prize or a blank, it is more than probable, that it will prove an injury, instead of a benefit. Honest industry and application to business, with economy, are the only sure way, under the blessing of Heaven, to competency or wealth, which can be enjoyed with satisfaction.

The English Encyclopedia furnishes us with the following history of Lotteries.

Lottery, a kind of public game at hazard, frequent in Britain, France, and Holland, in order to raise money for the service of the state; being appointed with us by the authority of Parliament, and managed by commissioners appointed by the Lords of the Treasury for that purpose. It consists of several numbers of blanks and prizes, which are drawn out of wheels, one of which contains the numbers, and the other the corresponding blanks or prizes.

The Romans invented Lotteries to enliven their Saturnalia.* This festival began by the

* Saturnalia, a festival observed by the Romans, about the middle of December, in honour of the god Saturn, whom Lucan introduces giving an account of the ceremonies observed on this occasion, thus: "During my whole reign, which lasts but for one week, no public hurl-

distribution of tickets, which gained some prizes. Augustus made Lotteries, which consisted of things of little value; but Nero established some for the people, in which 1000 tickets were distributed daily, and several of those who were favoured by fortune got rich by them. Heliogabulus invented some very singular: the prizes were either of great value, or of none at all; one gained a prize of six slaves; and another of six flies; some got valuable vases, and others vases of common earth. A Lottery of this kind exhibited an excellent picture of the inequality with which Fortune* distributes her favours.

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ness is done; there is nothing but drinking, singing, playing, creating imaginary kings, placing servants with their masters at table, &c. There shall be no disputes, reproachings, &c. but the rich and the poor, masters and slaves, shall be equal," &c. On this festival, the Romans sacrificed bareheaded, contrary to their custom at other sacrifices. Thus we perceive the origin of Lotteries to have been bad.

* Fortune, a name which, among the ancients, seems to have denoted a principle of fortuity, whereby things came to pass, without being necessitated thereto; but, what and whence that principle is, they do not seem to have ever precisely decided. Hence, their philosophers are often intimating, that men only framed the phantom

The first English Lottery we find mentioned in history, was drawn, A. D. 1569. It consisted of

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fortune to hide their ignorance; and, that they call fortune whatever befalls a man, without his knowing for what purpose. Fortune was not considered as a deity by the old Romans, but was made so by the devotion and folly of the vulgar. According to the opinion of the heathen, therefore, fortune in reality was only the arrival of things in a sudden and unexpected manner, without any apparent cause or reason; so that the philosophical sense of the word, coincides with what is vulgarly called chance. But in religion, it had a farther signification; altars and temples in great numbers, were consecrated to this fortune as a deity. This intimates, that the heathens had personified and even deified their chance; and conceived her as a sort of goddess, who disposed of the fate of men at her pleasure. The painters represent her in a woman's habit, with a bandage over her eyes, to shew that she acts without discernment, and standing on a wheel, to express her instability. Sometimes she is seen pointing at the globe before her feet, with a sceptre in one hand, holding the cornucopiæ in the other. *See Page 26.*

Cornucopiæ, among the ancients, a horn out of which proceeded plenty of all kinds; by a particular privilege Jupiter granted his nurse, supposed to be the goat Amalthea. The fable is thus interpreted: that in Lybia, there is a little territory, shaped not unliked a bullock's horn, exceedingly fertile, given by king Ammon to his

40,000 lots, at 10 shillings each lot: the prizes were plate; and the profits were to go towards repairing the havens of this kingdom. It was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral. The drawing began on the eleventh of January, 1569, and continued incessantly drawing, day and night, till the sixth day of May following. There were then, only three Lottery offices in London; but they afterwards increased to upwards of 400, in and about the city.

In the reign of Queen Anne, it was thought necessary to suppress Lotteries, as nuisances to the public. Since that time, however, they have been licensed by an Act of Parliament, under various regulations.

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daughter Amalthea, whom the poet's feign to have been Jupiter's nurse. In architecture and sculpture, the the cornucopiæ, or horn of plenty, is represented under the figure of a large horn, out of which issue fruits, flowers, &c.

THE

LOTTERY.

JOHN BROWN was servant in the family of a respectable merchant in this city. He had lived there for several years; and from his regular honesty, sobriety, and diligence, possessed the confidence and affection of his master. While in that family, he married a fellow-servant, a young woman, whose name was Mary Coates, and they lived for more than seven

years very happily together. They had one child living, a fine little boy about six years old, whom they maintained at a school, kept some miles from town by Mary's father. This was thought better than putting him to school in London, as he was under an affectionate relation, and less exposed to the company of wicked children. John and his wife got leave from time to time to visit their child, and were always able to take him one little article or other of clothes, as well as a small present to the grandfather.

Thus comfortable were John and Mary; and had John been religious, like his wife, they would have had a fair prospect of continuing so. He, like many others, thought religion an unnecessary thing for a man who made it a rule to be sober, and honest, and diligent, and kind. Besides the other very important considerations against which he shut his heart, he did not reflect, that without religion his good

conduct with his family and his master stood on no solid foundation.

One unfortunate day, as he was going on a message, he received a hand-bill from a man standing at the door of a Lottery-Office.

This hand-bill set forth many wonders, and invited all who had a mind to be rich in a hurry, to seize the lucky hour of adventuring in the wheel of fortune: shewing them how many thousand dollars they would be

sure to get for one! Casting his eye over the advertisement, the thought struck him that he would *try his fortune.* "Why may not I get a prize as well as another?" said he to himself; "and if I get the twenty thousand dollar prize, or even one of the ten thousands, I shall be as great a man as my master." It was a woful moment for poor John, when this imagination fastened on his mind. Full of the notion of getting rich, John returned home, and appeared all day unusually thoughtful. At night, as he was not used to conceal any thing from his wife, he told her his intentions. "Molly," said he, "we have just got our wages, and the drawing begins tomorrow; suppose *we try our fortune* in the Lottery?" "Not with my consent?" she replied: "I think we are

rich enough as we are, and ought to be thankful to God that we want for nothing." John was obliged to acknowledge this; but observed, that it would do them no *harm* to have something more. "Indeed, but it might," said Molly, "for you know, John, God is the best judge of what is good for us, and it is his providence that has placed us in our present situation. If he saw that more riches would do us good, I believe he would send them to us in an honest way: but I am sure you and I know some people, that are not at all the better for their riches; no, nor the happier either." "But what harm," said he, "can there be in *trying our fortune?*" "I know there is harm," replied his wife, who was well read in the Bible, "I know there is harm in covetousness; for the word of God says, 'Be contented

with such things as you have; and he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent; and the love of money is the root of all evil.' For my part, I am well satisfied as I am: and when I think of the poverty and distress our blessed Saviour submitted to, I find great reason to praise him for the abundance we enjoy. Besides, trying our fortune, as you call it, is no better than tempting God, who is the real giver of what men say fortune gives them. Our blessed Saviour refused, you know, when he fasted in the wilderness, to act in an extraordinary manner, in order that God might give him riches and other things, for he said that would be tempting God: and what would going into the Lottery be but tempting God; for would it not be taking an extraordi-

nary course in order to try whether God would make us rich? But, my dear, what has put this matter into your head?

John pulled the hand-bill out of his pocket, and explained to her, as well as he could, all the wonderful advantages which it promised. This did not satisfy his wife: and she wisely

observed, that if there was so much to be got by these same tickets, it was strange that the people who sold them would not rather keep them for themselves. "But do you not see there before your eyes," said John, "the number of prizes that were sold last year at the *Lion's Office?*" "Well," replied his wife, "I wish they had published the number of *blanks* that were sold too. But, ah! John, there are a great many lies in print; and to tell you the truth, I fancy it is all a gambling trick, and that the people who sell these tickets are little better than *knaves*, and the folks who buy them no better than *fools*. And you know, my dear, our little boy wants clothes, and this is the time that you generally take something to his old

grandfather. Sure, (said she, while a tear stole down her cheek) you will not forget our dear Johnny." But all the arguments were in vain; and he concluded the conversation rather peevishly, with declaring, "It is a folly to talk; I am resolved to try." His wife wiped her eyes, and only said with a sigh, "I am sorry for it." He had never grieved her so much before.

That night John slept little; he was anxiously debating which of the various modes of adventuring was to be preferred, and laying a thousand plans as to what he would do upon getting his expected riches. Early next day he got from his wife some money which he had given her to keep; and making a false excuse of

business for leaving home, he hurried to the Lottery-office. There, looking at various tickets and shares, and policies that were shewn, out of several numbers which he was informed were peculiarly *lucky*, he selected one ticket. But, as he was returning with it home, beginning to think that it was foolish to spend *all his luck* (as he called it) upon *one* number, he went back and changed the ticket for six policies, which he got at a dollar apiece. "Well," said he, as he put them in his pocket, "they can never be all drawn blanks." Upon hearing that the ticket he had taken first was drawn the next day a prize of ten dollars, he thanked his stars that he parted with it, as he should by no means be satisfied with gaining so little as two or three dollars by his venture.

John now became hourly anxious to know whether his numbers were drawn or not, and often neglected his business to inquire after them. He appeared thoughtful and gloomy in the house, and sometimes gave his master a very short answer if he found fault with him. All in the family wondered at the entire change in his conduct: his poor wife alone guessed at the cause. To her he now observed an entire silence upon the subject, as he had found her so decided against his venturing in the Lottery. But, one day, when he had come home after hearing that two of his numbers were drawn blanks, and a third drawn a ten dollars prize, (from which he of course got nothing,) she affectionately seized his hand,

and with a flood of tears, asked him why he had been for some days so peevish to her? "My dearest husband," said she, "it was never so with you before, since our marriage. If I have done any thing to offend you, I am ready to go on my knees to ask your pardon. Only do not break my heart by behaving as if you did not love me." "Pugh! woman," replied he sullenly, "don't make a fool of yourself." "Alas!" said she, "is it folly to be grieved at seeing you unhappy, or at

the fear of having displeased you? But, ah! I fear the Lottery is the cause. I thought no good would come of it." Molly perceived that his mind was in a state of vexation, and, therefore, did not press the subject then. But, in the evening she took an opportunity of tenderly entreating him to rest satisfied under any loss he had already suffered, without venturing farther; observing, that he might thus learn a lesson, which might be useful to him all his life; but that in the course which he was going on, he could not expect the blessing of God. "And surely," added she, "we shall be richer with that blessing, and a few worldly comforts, than if we had all the world without it. Ah! John, there is indeed, as our Saviour says 'but one thing needful.' What matter whether we be rich or

poor in this life, if we get to heaven at last? And truly, God is so gracious a master, that his service brings peace and comfort with it even here; while on the contrary, those who set their hearts upon the world, do not find in it even *now* the enjoyment which they seek; not to say, 'that if they gained the whole world, and lost their own souls,' they would make a fool's bargain."

Though John seldom read his Bible, yet he knew enough of it to be satisfied, that what she said was all very true; and she spoke with so much gentleness and affection, that he could not take it amiss. He then promised her, that he would not throw away any more money in the Lottery. She thanked God for her husband's resolution, and prayed that he might have grace to keep it. But

wishing to withdraw him from the scene of temptation, she proposed that he should ask leave of his master to visit their little child in the country. To this John readily consented, and easily obtained permission. It was with joy that Molly saw him set off next morning; but she little thought how soon her joy was to be succeeded by the bitterest sorrow. Her husband's heart was still hankering after his three numbers that remained in the wheel; and as the drawing was pretty far advanced, he became every day more anxious and impatient. He, therefore, resolved, instead of leaving town that day, to spend it in the place where the drawing was going on.—"Who knows," said he to himself, "but I may return to my wife this evening with news that will make her own, that

I did right in trying my fortune?" As he was on his way, he came to a famous office for insuring numbers. John had often heard of *insuring*, but did not well know what it meant. Having, however, become a gambler, he had an itch after trying his fortune in this way also. He, therefore, stepped into the office. "I want," said he, "to insure; but I don't know how to do it, nor indeed what it is." "Sir," replied a well-dressed man behind the counter, "you are perfectly right. Insuring, Sir, is the only way to make money; and I will explain it all to you in a moment with the greatest pleasure." John thanked his honour. "Only give me," continued the other, "the trifling premium of one dollar on any number you choose, and if it be drawn either blank or prize in

the course of the day, you may call on me for five dollars, and they will be paid you down upon the nail: hard dollars, Sir, hard and heavy. There is no office in the city that pays *bits* with so much honour as this. I had demands on me yesterday to the *tune* of $300, and all were answered as soon as called for." "Well," said John, who had not the wit to ask himself how the gentleman came to be so finely dressed while he was losing so much money, "well, and if the number be not drawn to-day at all, will you give me *any thing?*" "O, Sir," replied the office-keeper, "as to that it is very unlikely. And really, it is not any interest I have in this, that makes me carry on this business, but a pleasure I have in offering better terms to my customers than any other

office in town can boast of. And I would recommend it to you as a friend, to insure at least ten or twelve numbers; that you may be certain of winning. Take my word for it, that is playing a sure game. Five Dollars, Sir, for one; think of that." The cunning office-keeper was so friendly and so obliging, that he easily prevailed on John to insure his three remaining numbers, besides several others, for that day. The poor man, now thought it was hardly possible but that he must put something in his pocket. "Whether the numbers (thought he) be drawn blanks or prizes, I get money: and, if any of my three remaining policies turn up the $20,000 prize my fortune is made.

It is yet in the wheel; and why may not I get it as well as another?" Full of this thought, he hastened to watch the drawing; while the office-keeper, as he went out, put the money in his pocket, and his tongue in his cheek, sneering at John's simplicity.

John found at the place of drawing a number of drunken, ragged, blaspheming wretches. Their appearance and language at first shocked him; especially, when he heard one

and another cursing themselves for their folly in *trying their fortune.* But he now became all attention to the numbers that were declared as soon drawn, and his heart beat whenever any one near his own was mentioned.

In a little time, wearied with expectation, he began to imitate the example of others around him in laying wagers whether the number next drawn would be a blank or a prize; and a decent looking man, who sat near, soon engaged with him in the business. The stranger, who knew better than John how to reckon chances, let him win a few shillings at first; but soon stript him of every farthing in his pocket. He was ashamed to confess that he had no more money, and the spirit of gaming now completely seized him; he hur-

ried back to his master's house, and when his wife with surprise asked the cause of his sudden appearance, he pretended that he recollected on his way to their little boy, some articles which he had forgotten to take with him, and returned for it. He had not been used to lying ; but having now commenced gamester, he was going on step by step in wickedness. His poor wife perceived confusion and distress in his countenance, but believing what he said, she made no further inquiries, and only urged him to hasten his departure. She knew not that he took away with him a silver goblet and some spoons, which belonged to his master, and were under his care. These he immediately pawned, expecting that he should be able to release them before they would be mis-

sed. But sooner or later, the devil always leaves his servants in the lurch; and so he now served John.

With the money thus wickedly obtained, he returned to the place of drawing, and arrived just time enough to lose it all, except a few shillings, before that day's drawing ended. Stung with vexation, he came out into the street, cursing himself, and cursing others; and hurried along with some of his new companions to a public house. Public houses, in his better days, he had not been accustomed to frequent. The liquor, which he drank to drown care, soon inflamed him to madness, and prepared him for every thing that was bad. At one moment, he thought of putting an end to his own life, which had now become a burden. Alas! had he fol-

lowed the advice of his wife, or taken the word of God for his direction, how different would his situation have been! He knew not what to do. Return home, he durst not; for, he dreaded the thought of its being discovered, that he had embezzled his master's property. And to continue adventuring in the Lottery, he had not the means. His mind was torn by various passions; it was a kind of hell. But he was not truly penitent for his offence; and did not pray to God for his gracious assistance: he, therefore, went on from bad to worse. His companions, more hardened in wickedness, laughed at his distress. He heard them with surprise, boast of the various cheats by which they supported themselves in their villany. But one of them took him aside, into

an inner room, and after they had called for more drink, told him plainly, that he was a blockhead for being so much cast down by his losses, and that if he had only spirit enough, he might soon have as full a purse as ever. Swearing John to secresy, he proposed, that they should join together in a scheme which he had formed of committing a highway robbery that night. He mentioned a gentleman, who was to return to town with a sum of money, late in the evening, by the Edgeware road, and assured John of getting a rich and easy booty. "I lived in this gentleman's family," said he, "till a year ago; and a good service it was, for I had high wages and little work. But, truly, because I got drunk now and then, he parted with me, and would not give me a charac-

ter for sobriety, and I have been out of place ever since. But I am now my own master; get money in an easier way, and drink as much as I please. A short life and a merry one, say I."

John was at first startled by the proposal; but after a moment's pause, observed, with an oath, that *he was in for it*, and would not *flinch*. He was soon furnished with pistols by his companion, whose name was Smith; but, when John took them, he expressed a hope, that there might be no blood shed.

They sallied forth together, and lay concealed in a field near the road. A few days before, John would have startled with horror at the thought of being engaged in such a business; but when a man once gives way to what

is evil, it is impossible to say where he will stop.

The expected gentleman soon arrived; when, rushing out, one of them seized the reins of his horse, while the other held a pistol to his breast, and with horrid oaths demanded his money. The gentleman, a Mr. Stewart, immediately snapped a pistol, which missed fire; and both of the robbers discharging theirs, shot him dead on the spot.

They had hardly time to rifle his pockets, when the neighbourhood was alarmed by the report of the pistols, and they were obliged to fly with all speed; but being favoured by the darkness of the night, they got clear of their pursuers. After hastily sharing the spoils, and again swearing each other to secrecy, (as if oaths could bind villains,) they separated for greater safety, and spent the remainder of the night at different houses of ill fame.

But John's mind was now racked with remorse, and guilt was visible in his countenance. When day-light came, he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep, but in vain; the image of the person whom he had murdered, haunted his imagination; and the torment of his conscience was al-

most more grievous, than the punishment of the law which he dreaded. He had intended to employ his ill-gotten gain in trying his fortune farther in the Lottery, that baneful Lottery, which had brought on all his misery; and, had he done so, it is most probable, that he would have been stripped as he was the day before. But all courage now failed him; and being afraid to appear in public, he slunk to his master's house at an early hour, aud indulged the hope, that as there was no witness of the horrid deed but himself and his companion, it would remain undiscovered forever. He little remembered that God's eye saw it; and that his providence, seldom if ever, suffers such wickedness to pass unpunished, even in this world.

His wife, though surprised at her husband's speedy arrival, welcomed him with affection; and tenderly inquired after the welfare of their little boy. "Ask no questions, woman!" was his only reply. She was struck dumb with astonishment; but, when she perceived a pistol under his coat, she clapsed her hands in an agony of horror; and not daring to ask a question, she sunk on the chair, and trembled like an aspen leaf.

The robbery and murder now became the talk of the town; and John's master asked him whether he had heard any thing of the circumstances. He had only power to answer, "No, Sir," with a faltering voice. But, how did his heart sink within him, when he heard soon after, that his companion (who had been a notorious

offender) was taken up on suspicion of having committed the crime! yet, he still thought there was no evidence that could prove the charge. Every rap at the door startled him. Every person that looked at him seemed to know his guilt. He sometimes thought of flying; but, again determined to stand his ground, lest his absconding should occasion immediate pursuit.

Some days passed thus, and he began to flatter himself that all was safe. But as he lay one night sleepless and tossing, his afflicted wife weeping by his side, and afraid to inquire into the cause of his situation, a noise was heard at the door: and on its opening, the officers of justice entered to apprehend him. Smith had *turned king's evidence*, to secure his own life, so little confidence can villains place in each other.

John was now dragged, pale and trembling, to Newgate; while poor Molly clung to him shrieking, and fainted away as soon as they entered the prison. When she came to herself, she felt that her heart was broken. She never raised her head again. Yet she attended him closely for a while; but pined, and soon sunk beneath the weight of her affliction. With her dying breath, she prayed, that her husband might be brought to repentance, and might yet obtain mercy at the hands of God.

When brought to the bar, John cast a look of indignation and reproach at his accomplice, who now appeared as evidence against him; which the other returned with a malicious sneer. His guilt was clearly proved; all circumstances confirmed it. When the

Judge was going to pass the sentence, he cried out for a *long day*. Oh! that a long day were granted to every man sentenced to suffer death! even to a murderer! But, in the case of murderers, the law determines otherwise; and it is not the business of the judge to give his opinion of the law, but to pass its sentence. He addressed John as follows:

" Unhappy man! you seem to have forgotten, that in the murder of Mr.

Stewart, you allowed him no time. In a moment, and without provocation, you sent a worthy person, who had never harmed you into eternity. The laws demand your forfeited life. You must prepare for almost immediate execution. Your fate will, I trust, be an awful warning to many. You might have lived long, useful, and respected, had you been content with what you acquired by honest industry; had not the desire of hasty and unrighteous gain taken possession of your heart. I mourn over the existence of such a public nuisance, as appears to have been the first occasion of your fall: and I cannot help declaring, that I have never sat upon this bench, after the drawing of the Lottery, but I had reason to think, it had proved the ruin of many of the un-

happy culprits, who appeared before me. I would earnestly exhort the crowds that hear me, to abhor the thoughts of adventuring in it, and to fly from it as from a plague, which will destroy domestic happiness and inward peace, and bring upon them every kind of distress. Prisoner! I mourn that others should be involved in your calamity, who have not been partners in your guilt; that an amiable and virtuous woman (as I am informed) should have died broken hearted on your account; [here the the prisoner groaned;] and that your infant child must be left an orphan in the world, which will be too forward to reproach him with his father's crime. But, your doom in *this* world is sealed. Your state in the *next* calls loudly for your atten

tion; and I most earnestly exhort you to call upon Him for repentance and pardon, who came into the world to save even the chief of sinners. May you have grace, therefore, to employ the little time remaining for you in the world, in imploring His mercy! As to the wretch before me, who has been an accomplice with you in your crime, and upon whose evidence you have been convicted, he will not escape justice. I must remand him back to Newgate, that he may stand his trial upon the charge of two other robberies. It is a painful, but necessary part of my office, to which I now proceed. It is with a bleeding heart, I pronounce your sentence; which is, that you be *hanged*, on Saturday next, the 15th instant, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

He was executed according to his sentence; and would to God, that this history might prove a warning to all, against *trying their fortune* in the Lottery.

THE END.

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